THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

THE INDICTMENT OF FIFTEEN PROTESTANT leaders in Bulgaria has crystallized the general belief that a coordinated Communist drive against organized religion is under way in Eastern Europe. The Bulgarian Protestants are charged with almost the same set of crimes of which Cardinal Mindszenty was convicted, and the fact that the arrests came only two days after the Hungarian Primate had been sentenced to life imprisonment seemed to support the Pope's assertion that a "conspiracy . . . against God" had been formed in the Communist countries. Perhaps it has. Trial in People's Courts under Communist procedures provides little assurance that the crimes charged in the indictment are the real offenses for which the defendant is being judged. It would be quite proper for public men in the West to denounce those procedures and express clearly the suspicions aroused by them. It would be proper for governments to protest to the Hungarian regime or to lay the matter before the United Nations if a treaty violation can be shown. What has been going on, however, is a very different sort of reaction and one that we consider both unjustified and dangerous. American leaders, in and out of the government, including the President, have unanimously echoed the Catholic claim that Cardinal Mindszenty is an innocent victim and that his trial was an assault on the church itself. This may or may not be true. The Cardinal admitted a part of the charges against him. His statement has not yet been proved a forgery or a confession forced by drugs. He is, after all, a man and a citizen, and should be judged according to his behavior, not his cloth. The point of attack should be the methods employed to find him guilty, not the fact that they were employed against a Prince of the Church. If cardinals or other churchmen are to be regarded as legally sacrosanct, the Communist case against the church will be greatly strengthened.

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NEARLY FOUR YEARS AFTER THE END OF the war in Europe, close to a million men, women, and children still live the half-life of displaced persons. England has taken 78,000 of them from the inclosures of Germany, Austria, and Italy; Canada, 43,000. The United States, theoretically enabled under the discredited Wiley-Revercomb act to take 100,000 in the first year, has rescued no more than 2,500 in a period of seven months. The word "theoretically" is used advisedly, because with the best will in the world the International Refugee Organization and the various voluntary groups cannot fill quotas under the cruelly discriminatory provisions of that law. They can do nothing for the majority of Jewish D. P.'s, who fled to the western-zone camps after December 22, 1945, the cut-off date stipulated in the act. They must grant 40 per cent of their available visas to persons from the Baltic countries, a figure out of all proportion to the distribution in the camps. They must assign 30 per cent to those formerly engaged in agriculture. And they must require assurance of housing and employment, though no such qualification is imposed on regular immigrants. Every week that passes sees dozens of these tragic people die off, people who might have been saved to lives of usefulness in a country that can well use their potential energies and their talents. Legislation introduced in the House by Representative Celler of New York and in the upper house by Senators McGrath and Neely would do away with these qualifications and increase the two-year quota to 400,000, originally calculated as America's fair share. Every hour needlessly spent by a D. P. in the hopelessness, idleness, and decay of the camps is a waste of life and an indefensible burden. In four years, there have been 35,000 such hours.

*

IT IS EXTREMELY UNFORTUNATE THAT THE question of whether federal juries are legally chosen in New York should be tangled up in the case of the eleven Communist leaders now on trial. An issue is involved here that is far too important to be left to the ax-grinding attorneys for the defense or, as far as the public is concerned, to be clouded in the murky atmosphere that surrounds the issue of communism. The defense has not yet completed its challenge to the jury system, but after three weeks it is fair to say that its aggressive battery of attorneys has not done the job that needed doing. During the past week, their prize witness, Professor Doxey Wilkerson, was made to seem anything but the expert he purported to be. In nine days, he had presented some 135 maps, charts, graphs, and tables, to show that low-income groups, manual laborers, and members of minority groups are systematically excluded from federal juries, but on cross-examination it developed that his material was ques-

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tionable, to say the least. In his statistics, little shopkeepers, tailors, butchers, and other independents had been classified as "executives," even those who earned less than $30 a week. To show that many "executives" were used again and again, he had counted them every time they were called, though in an overwhelming number of cases they had been excused and therefore automatically called the following month. And, above all, Mr. Wilkerson was extremely vague as to how his data were compiled and as to who did the job. In spite of this haphazard presentation, however, we believe that enough evidence has been adduced to warrant a serious independent investigation.

✶

LAST JULY, WHEN THE CAPITOL DOME WAS obscured by great flocks of witches, a young man named William W. Remington was suspended from his government post on suspicion of disloyalty. The case against him rested on the testimony of a woman of unstable emotions, identified in the headlines of the vulgar press as a "Red Spy Queen." Reformed by that time and desperately eager to prove it, the Queen had sworn before a brace of Congressional committees that Remington was a Communist who had given her secret information in the days when she served as a Soviet courier. Remington admitted giving her information of a non-secret character in the belief that she was a newspaper reporter, and she failed, in fact, to reveal anything from her news source that a city editor would regard as a scoop. But in the brimstone atmosphere of the day, what she said was enough. In September, a subordinate loyalty board found against him and he was dismissed. Unlike most victims, Remington appealed, and the case went to the top loyalty review board. This "Supreme Court" called on the Queen to tell her story, but grown unaccountably shy, she refused the invitation. In the carefree days before November 2, she had even repeated her charges over the air, for which she is being sued for $100,000, but the board, without power of subpoena, could not tempt her. "You get tired of all this publicity," she explained. As a result of her reticence, the board last week cleared Remington and ordered him reinstated. One of the board's three members was Harry W. Colmery, former national commander of the American Legion. John Rankin please note.

✶

THOMAS E. DEWEY LAST WEEK MADE HIS first substantial speech of the 1948 campaign. It was a little late, of course, but it was noteworthy all the same because it put on display a new Dewey—urbane, at times even witty, and seemingly candid. Until November 2, the New York governor appeared to have

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almost a fixation about unity. The Democrats, he had said, could not possibly give the country the unity it needed because they were all at loggerheads with each other, while the G. O. P. was a study in harmony. Now, it seems, the Republican Party not only is "split wide open" but "has been split wide open for years." Governor Dewey and his party colleagues, he confesses, "have tried to gloss it over . . . to deny it to ourselves and conceal it." But that didn't work, so now we are to have a showdown between Republicans like Dewey, who want a broad program of social security, public housing, federal power developments, and farm price supports, and those mossbacks who are content to let government remain "a cold and impartial umpire." Members of this second group are invited to depart from the party forthwith, "high-minded" as they are, and to take their principles with them. Does all this make Dewey a "me-too" Republican, or a Democrat in disguise? Not at all. The differences between him and the Democrats are "wide as the ocean." They are spendthrift, he is economical (his new budget is the highest in the history of New York State); they "break the backs of our people" with taxes, while he would have brought them relief by way of Republican efficiency (he has just asked New Yorkers for a tax increase of 60 per cent); and while Dewey believes in welfare legislation, he cannot support "half-baked, badly drawn laws or evil inventions like the Murray-Wagner-Dingell bill, which would reduce our doctors to government servitude." On second thought, the new Dewey isn't really so new—he has just changed his sneakers.

*

THE BUMS, "WINOS," AND VAGABONDS OF Los Angeles's notorious Skid Row are enjoying flush times. Almost any day, the curiously assorted derelicts of this dreadful "human junk pile" can be seen forming long lines outside the entrances to numerous commercial "blood banks," where a pint of blood can be sold for $4. Drunks with records of a hundred or more arrests visit these establishments with the same regularity that they appear in the police courts. Since the selling price of a pint of blood is now $25, the blood banks make a net profit, less a slight overhead, of $21 a pint. Through some legislative oversight, the "blood-mill" racket is wholly unregulated, but a recent exposé of its practices has been provoking spasms of self-righteousness in official circles. In point of fact, Skid Row represents a well-thought-out, community-sanctioned scheme by which derelicts can be segregated and kept alive at the lowest cost and the least inconvenience, and the appearance of the "blood mill" next door to the midnight mission and the flophouse merely symbolizes the time-honored relationship between Skid Row and the rest of the community. Some form of regulation will now doubtless be adopted. It is even possible that the selling price of human blood may be controlled, although such an interference with the operation of the profit system will certainly arouse strenuous opposition. The current indignation seems to have been stimulated more by such headlines as "High Class Hospitals Use Blood of Winos" than by the revelation of the continued existence, within a stone's throw of the City Hall, of the jungle of despair and misery that goes by the name of Skid Row.

Red Light Ahead

TODAY'S headlines on the economic situation almost exactly duplicate those of February, 1948. Then, as now, a succession of sharp declines in farm commodities, accompanied by weakness in stocks, moved market reports from the financial sections to the front pages. Then, as now, there was jittery talk of impending depression, and the President was sharply attacked for insisting inflation remained a danger.

In its issue of February 14, 1948, *The Nation* said editorially: "Our own view is that the present setback in commodity prices is not the harbinger of total collapse. . . . Demand factors in the situation are still extremely powerful. The immense backlog of the heavy industries and of manufacturers of such durable goods as automobiles is still exerting an upward pressure on prices. Moreover, we have yet to see the fall in wholesale food prices passed on to the retail level. . . . The President's new demand for anti-inflationary measures . . . was not as ill-timed as some . . . critics suggested."

We all know what happened. The Eightieth Congress rejected most of Mr. Truman's program and passed, over his veto, a tax-reduction bill which was definitely inflationary. During the summer, the cost-of-living index touched an all-time high, for while farm prices only partially recovered, those of many manufactured goods advanced sharply. Wages rose, again vainly attempting to keep up with living costs; profits increased steadily to record levels; inflation remained our primary danger.

In spite of many parallels, we do not suggest that the situation today is on all fours with that of a year ago. It is still easy to pick out inflationary factors, but there are also more visible pointers to deflation and even recession. The rather marked increase in unemployment since December is disturbing, even though it may be partly due to weather conditions. An abnormally warm winter in the East has cut demand for coal and fuel oil, causing some unemployment among miners; an abnormally severe one in the West has hindered the movement of goods and forced layoffs in lumbering and other industries. And there have been additional scattered reports of staff reductions.

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To business men, it may seem that a little recession now, provided it did not get out of hand, could prove helpful. A rise in unemployment combined with a fall in the cost of living is calculated to discourage fourth-round wage demands. The prospect also offers a handy argument against the President's request for anti-inflation powers and new taxes. Suggestions that increased imposts on business could push the American economy into a real slump are being featured in the financial columns. And some members of Congress seem to be impressed.

Our view is that the President should stick to his guns. We doubt very much whether the moderate increase in corporation taxes proposed would reduce new investment any farther than it is likely to be reduced in any case. The decisive factor in production-expansion programs is always the state of demand. Many industries—steel is a notable exception—have greatly increased capacity since the war. Their chief concern now is to dispose of output rather than to increase facilities. With supply and demand in better balance, there is, in fact, a fear of overproduction in some lines that is likely to curtail industrial investment.

Since prosperity of the capital-goods industries has been one important factor in the boom, there is now some reason to fear the opening of an economic gap unless offsets are developed. Primary consideration, therefore, should be given to maintainance and even enlargement of consumer purchasing power; for this reason, Mr. Truman and Congress might usefully explore the possibility of abolishing or reducing some excise levies, particularly the transportation tax and taxes on other services and articles not in the luxury class.

The fall in food costs, if and when retail prices reflect in full the drop in wholesale markets, will be of assistance in stretching the consumer's dollar. But a rise in unemployment accompanied by a sharp decline in farm income could result in a reduction in consumer demand leading to more layoffs and more declines in primary prices and setting in motion a deflationary spiral. This danger cannot be altogether ignored in spite of cushioning factors not present in 1921 or 1929—farm-price supports, unemployment benefits, E. R. P., rearmament. But serious trouble can be avoided if the business community and the government keep cool and take effective action.

So far, what has happened to farm commodities need not cause undue alarm. To maintain equilibrium, however, a downward readjustment of other prices, particularly those which enter into farmers' costs, should not be delayed. It is true that the index of farm prices is still farther above the pre-war level than that of industrial prices, but it must not be forgotten that farm prices were abnormally low in 1939. At the same time, profit figures indicate ample room for reduction in prices of many industrial goods, and it is to be hoped leading industrial corporations will not insist on holding their present line all winter. If they do, they may find themselves running out of customers and facing a popular demand for drastic government action to halt depression. On the other hand, if they heed the red light and decide that full production at rather lower prices is better business than low production at high prices, we have good hopes of achieving an orderly readjustment that will enable us to descend safely from the inflationary peak to a comfortably high economic plateau.

Millions for Franco

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

TWENTY-FIVE million dollars isn't much money as loans to governments go these days, but when the Chase National Bank lent that sum to Franco the other day, it gave him what he needed most. It gave him the chance to present himself at home and abroad as a dictator who is no longer a pariah. It gave him the right to claim (1) that he is back in the good graces of the State Department, and (2) that he is considered, if not a first-class risk, a suitable recipient of American dollars. The Chase Bank loan will not go far to revive Spain's moribund economy; but it is an opening wedge. Even now, I understand, a second, larger loan is being considered by another New York bank, and an A. P. dispatch from Madrid reports that Spanish representatives may be leaving soon for Washington to try to get help from the Export-Import Bank.

It is significant, I am afraid, that the press reported the Chase loan only in passing and followed with a brief note from Washington quoting Secretary Acheson to the effect that the loan was a private one indicating no change of attitude in the State Department. The intention, plainly, is to minimize the affair as much as possible, to festoon it with technical alibis, and so to prevent any sharp public reaction. The strategy seems to have worked. So far, not a hint of protest has come from any source except the left-wing Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. Liberal and progressive political groups are silent.

Even a year ago, announcement of the loan to Franco would have touched off explosions of protest and speculation; today, no one bothers to challenge Mr. Acheson's assertion that private banks are free to lend where they please. Technically accurate this may be, but anyone even distantly acquainted with financial practices knows that no great bank would lend one dollar to a foreign government agency without making sure it had the approval of the State Department; still less in the case of a foreign

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state, ostensibly in the department's black books, which has been censured by the United Nations and from which this country has withdrawn its ambassador. Mr. Acheson strains our credulity. Would the free and easy attitude he proclaims apply also to a loan to Hungary? We can only conclude that the department has given blanket approval to loans for Franco. If this is the case, a change of policy of shocking proportions has just been registered. Though Franco is its immediate beneficiary, its meaning radiates far beyond the borders of his feudal domain.

UNTIL the loan was granted, the Spanish government was financially all but on the rocks. This statement may be discounted by persons who recall the number of times the resilient little dictator has emerged unharmed from political and financial jams. But this time, we have the word of bankers and other official representatives of the regime who have privately reported its bankruptcy. They say Franco will need $250,000,000 to surmount his present crisis. Quite apart from the country's acute need for equipment and machinery of all sorts, money has been lacking to meet even the current expenses of government. And in Spain this means—besides usual expenditures—a huge outlay for *estraperlo,* the complex system of graft, smuggling, bribes, and black market that keeps the wheels of dictatorship turning and its engineers happy.

When things got very tight in Spain about a year ago, the regime sent emissaries to this country looking for help. The first to arrives was the Count of Fontanar, representing the Banco Urquijo, whose high monarchist and clerical connections relieved it a little from the stigma of Falangist politics. The Count's mission failed. He was followed during the summer by Señor Villalonga of the Banco Central, one of Spain's "Big Five," and by Señor Botin of the Banco Santander. They traveled around the country, called at the leading Wall Street establishments, and went home with empty hands and no encouragement from Washington.

Since then, much has changed. The cold war is more bitter; its lines are more sharply drawn. Western Union and E. R. P. have come into being—both without Spain and both uneasily conscious of the military and economic hiatus resulting from Spain's isolation. The Atlantic Pact is clumsily taking shape. And during the past six months, the stream of political tourism has turned the other way. Instead of Spanish bankers headed for New York, American politicians and military men have booked passage for Madrid, where they have talked with Franco and come away openly advocating a quick reversal of American policy toward Spain.

In Paris last September, General Marshall made the ill-timed proposal that the U. N. General Assembly be asked to rescind the resolution of 1946 condemning the Franco regime and recommending the withdrawal from Madrid of chiefs of diplomatic missions. This idea was dropped when Marshall's European colleagues convinced him it was loaded with political high explosives. But two weeks ago, just before the Chase loan was announced, the suggestion cropped up again in an inspired statement from Washington.

The 1946 resolution was feeble, pious, and practically useless, but at least it stated a position. To kill it would be to abandon that position.

FOR ten years, the Spanish people have suffered under a fascist rule planted on their necks with the acquiescence of the Western democracies. The war which, with fatal logic, followed the fascist victory in Spain ended in the defeat of Franco's allies, but not of Franco; in the liberation of the Western democracies, but not of the Spanish people. Everyone agrees that Franco could have been toppled out of power in 1945 if the victorious Allies had taken a firm stand. He regained prestige and strength by surviving that critical period with no more drastic penalty than exclusion from the United Nations. His present desperate financial crisis offered a new possibility of change. Left to its fate, the regime might have collapsed or Franco might have been forced to accept some compromise with the Monarchists. Now, not even this is likely to happen. Franco again has been reprieved.

Liberal and labor forces in America must shake off their preoccupation with more intimate issues and realize what this means. It will be their fault if the Administration they elected to office decides to prop up the decrepit Franco as it is trying to prop up the right-wing black-marketeers of Greece. Surely, while there is time to protest, an effort must be made to stop this fatal process! What kind of future do we offer the democratic peoples of Europe, whom today we summon to join a life-or-death alliance, when they see the money and power of America used to haul Franco out of the ditch? During the Spanish war, American liberals fought a good fight, though a losing one, against the policy that allowed Hitler and Mussolini to instal Franco in power. Let them speak up again and demand that the State Department tell plainly what it intends to do about Spain—in the matter of loans, of diplomatic relations, of Franco's admission to U. N. agencies. We want no creeping rehabilitation of the Spanish dictator.

A CORRECTION

In the article Poison on the Air? which appeared in *The Nation* last week, it was stated that on April 10, 1948, the American Jewish Congress filed with the FCC a petition for the revocation of Station KMPC's license. The date of filing was actually March 11, 1948, eight days before the FCC ordered its own investigation of the station.

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MacArthur's Fantasy

BY EDGAR SNOW

GENERAL MACARTHUR'S headquarters has acknowledged full responsibility for the curious report released on February 10, which described a wartime spy ring working for Russia in Japan. The ring was headed by a German, Dr. Richard Sorge, who was Nazi press attaché, and a Japanese newspaperman, Hozumi Ozaki, a friend of Prince Konoye. Both men were executed just before V-J Day. They had been arrested in 1942—along with many others—but their operations are traced back to 1929.

This particular spy ring ceased functioning seven years ago, and many of the facts were published in Japan in 1945. The whole story has been available to the United States army since the occupation, and parts of it have appeared in places like the Chicago *Tribune*, Drew Pearson's column, and under the Alsop by-line. But the full-length fifty-four-page official report still made banner headlines last Thursday (February 10). Why the army timed the release as it did is one of several curious things about it. It has been variously connected with rumors that MacArthur's program for a remilitarized Japan as an anti-Soviet bastion is being scrapped, with the Bullitt-McCarron-Judd campaign to renew American intervention in China, and with General Eisenhower's return as "presiding officer" of the services during the rearming of the Atlantic allies.

Aside from such speculations, however, one must note some unique things in the contents and psychology of the report itself, which appears to reflect a state of considerable political confusion in the army. Perhaps its most remarkable indiscretion, as an official document, is the unprecedented way in which it maligns and smears an individual American citizen. Without advancing any supporting legal evidence, it brings the gravest accusations against a prominent American author, lecturer, and reporter, Agnes Smedley. Her main offense appears to have been that she introduced Mr. Ozaki to Mr. Sorge, when all three were newspaper correspondents in Shanghai, nineteen years ago. Having provided the authors of the report with a sensational lead, Miss Smedley virtually disappears from the story after 1932.

Nevertheless, the report flatly declares that Agnes Smedley "is a spy and agent of the Soviet government" who is "still at large." None of us would find it nice to be called that, but I wonder what more any citizen could do about it, if the army happened to be the caller, than Miss Smedley did?

EDGAR SNOW is the author of "Red Star over China" and "People on Our Side."

She vehemently denied all the allegations. She demanded of President Truman that a formal indictment be brought against her in court, or that the army retract. Her attorney, O. J. Rogge, holds the report—which also accuses another well-known anti-Japanese writer, Günther Stein, of espionage activity—to be highly libelous. But official documents are "privileged," and Miss Smedley's threat of a libel suit against MacArthur could not be brought into civil court unless he waived his immunity. He has indicated no intention of doing so.

That the United States army should charge and judge an American civilian before public opinion, without giving her a chance to defend herself, is at least irregular. But the situation becomes alarming when it is realized that the army's report "was lifted bodily" from data compiled by the Japanese police while Japan was an enemy state. And much of the testimony is known to have been in the form of confessions obtained from prisoners by means at least as questionable as those applied in the case of Cardinal Mindszenty.

General MacArthur's headquarters express no skepticism concerning results of Japanese police interrogation, or of "intelligence" accumulated while Japan was part of the Axis. A person who did not know that Japan was busily carving up China, that its rulers were debating whether to attack Russia or Britain first, and that the Tojo clique was planning Pearl Harbor when Sorge and Ozaki were arrested, might easily assume that he was reading about a country with the most blameless intentions. In fact, the text refers throughout to the men who helped the enemies of that regime as "Japanese traitors."

Miss Smedley admits she knew both Sorge and Ozaki nearly two decades ago; as a newspaper correspondent she had every legitimate reason to know them. That Miss Smedley has also long been a sympathizer with colonial independence movements in general, and openly worked against Japan while she was a medical worker in both the Nationalist and Communist forces in China, is manifest from her own books and lectures, but does it follow that such sentiments or activities make her a "Soviet agent" or a "traitor"?

Whatever value the report might otherwise have is weakened by an astonishing statement which reveals that at least one of its purposes was to attack the China policy of the Administration. It says of Miss Smedley that she was "one of the early perpetrators, if not the originator, of the hoax that the Chinese Communists were not Communists at all, but only local agrarian revolutionists innocent of any Soviet connections." By that device Miss Smedley has "bemused American writers for twenty years . . . till today high American government officials find it difficult to believe any other" interpretation of China's Communists. Only a political illiterate could imagine that such a story, supposedly inspired by a single writer like Miss Smedley, could "bemuse American

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writers" or mislead government experts. And yet—there is the United States army, making the declaration.

There are Communist spies and intelligence agents operating here and in every large country today. It is the job of the internal police to expose and apprehend them. It is also important for people to understand how and why Communist agents work. If it had been carefully edited, the MacArthur report might have made some contribution to public knowledge in that respect, even though it deals with events of a decade ago.

As it is, the report teaches us other lessons as well. It reminds us how often and how easily political democracy has been overthrown by the failure of elected authorities to prevent insubordination of the military and the misuses of military office to curtail the civil rights of the people. The present incident is a little one, but it could become a precedent which might assume more serious proportions. It was by such small steps that the Imperial Army of Japan ultimately seized power and made itself the sole custodian of the people's conscience.

Mr. Smythe Goes to London

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, February 7

HE WAS a casual acquaintance whom I met only because we were alone in the railroad carriage, and he asked me whether there was anything notable about Bishop's Stortford, which was the next stop on our journey; I told him that the only two things I knew about it were that it was a sprawling market town and that Cecil Rhodes was born there.

He told me that his name was Smythe—he was particular about the spelling—that he came from Cincinnati, and that he was in the advertising business. He had come over to England and France to see whether it was worth while setting up a European agency for his firm. He had heard so much of Cambridge that he thought he would spend a free Saturday afternoon there. He was glad I was interested in America, though surprised that, after living there so long, I had returned to Europe.

Well, perhaps he *could* understand it. After sixteen years of Democratic rule you would have thought the people would have got sane at last and sent a good, solid Republican to the White House. It was easy to see why Truman won. Dewey was soft all right. Look how he opposed the idea of declaring the Communist Party illegal. Look how he refused to come out into the open on the Taft-Hartley act. Why, you might say that to 50 per cent of the American people Dewey practically looked like a Democrat. And why nominate Warren for the Vice-Presidency when he had been nominated as Governor of California on both party tickets.

He was not for Taft. Taft was honest enough, but he was a dry fellow, and if you heard him make an hour's speech, there was not a single laugh in it. What the United States wanted was another Grover Cleveland —firm, rocklike, a man who never tried to make the government just one big charity with the White House open to any God-damned trade-union leader who wanted to chat with him.

I intervened a little timidly to point out that Cleveland had been a Democrat. He replied that formally this might have been true, but everyone knew that Cleveland was safe. Mark Hanna liked him. So did William Howard Taft. J. P. Morgan and George F. Baker both trusted him. They knew he would not fiddle about with experiments. With Cleveland a dollar was a dollar. He did not believe in ruining business men for the sake of Americans who were too God-damn lazy to make a living for themselves. Mr. Smythe's father remembered when they cheered Cleveland in the Union League Club. It was when he had that fellow Debs sent to jail. That practically made him a Republican.

Mr. Smythe liked real Americans who made no bones about their Americanism. Men like Westbrook Pegler and Walter Winchell. They spoke right out in public meeting. They were not half one way and half another way like Walter Lippmann. Mr. Smythe did not like Walter Lippmann. Used to be a Socialist. Always up in the clouds. Pegler called a spade a spade, and Walter Winchell made it all as clear as any decent citizen could ask for. If men like them taught the new generation how to think, he would not be afraid of America's future. But the present university professors were turning out a lot of mugwumps who dug into this and that.

When he was at Yale he had nearly made the track team. His son, who had been there since he came back from Japan in '46, was just not interested in sports. Would not be "tapped" for Bones. Read poems by a man called Eliot that Mr. Smythe himself did not believe was even poetry. Read a lot of highbrow stuff about Henry James, a God-damn novelist who became an

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Englishman though he took damn good care to live on American dollars. No offense, I understood. But a man should not give up his country. Though Mr. Smythe thought that if he had not been an American, he would have liked best to be an Englishman.

While he was in London, Mr. Smythe had met Lord Blank. Did I know him? Well, I ought to meet him. Published a fine newspaper. Told him he would like to triple the space he gave to advertising. Lord Blank knew Winston Churchill intimately, and Churchill had told him in confidence that the Labor government was ruining the country. It wasn't practical. The Cabinet was full of professors—just like the New Deal. Look at Stafford Cripps. Lord Blank had told Mr. Smythe that Cripps was a vegetarian. How could a vegetarian know what men with red blood in their veins really wanted?

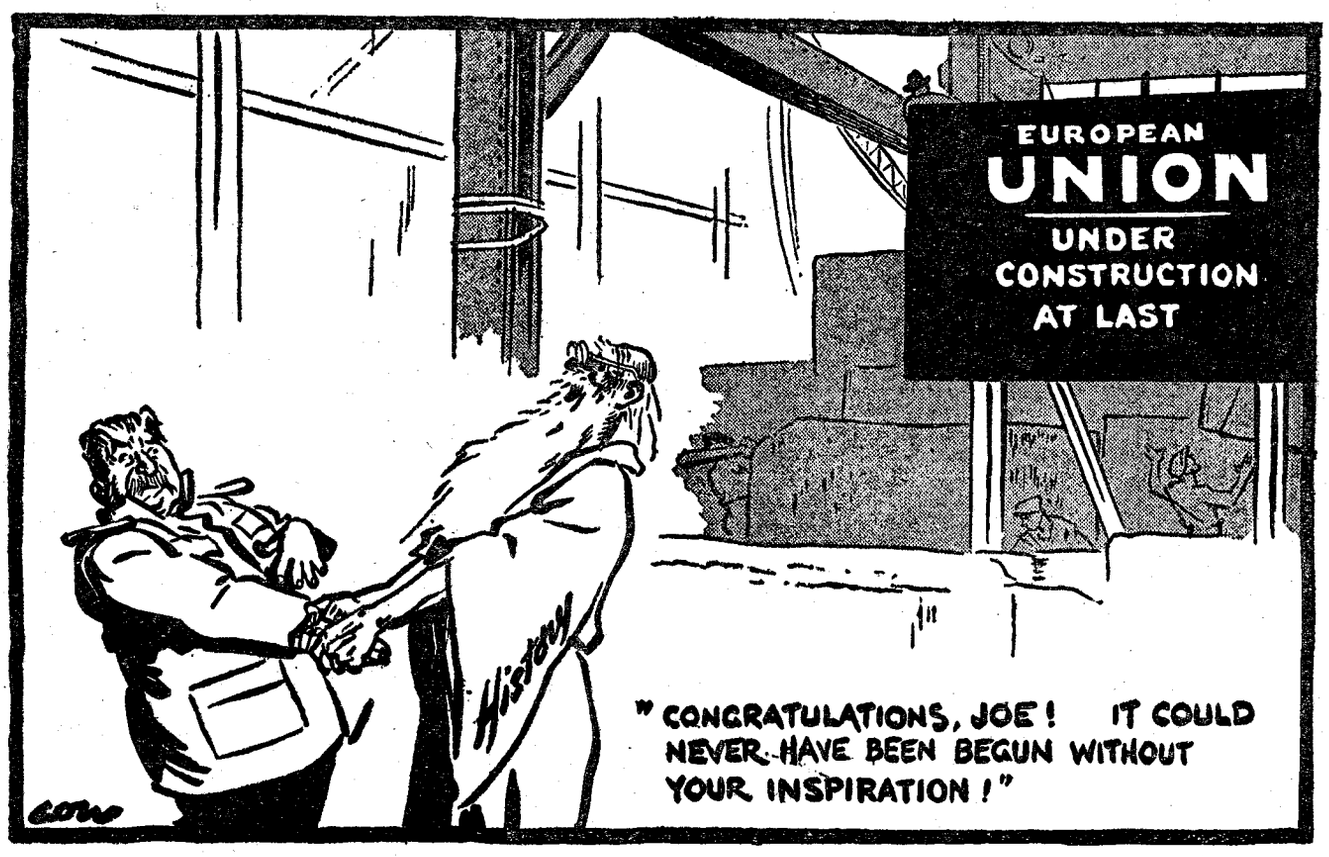
Lord Blank had told Mr. Smythe that all their experiments in socialism had failed. They had lost India and Burma. Churchill would have kept them. Lord Blank had told him that the Prime Minister was personally responsible for giving up India. Lord Blank thought that Mr. Attlee was practically a Communist. He said the only sensible member of the Cabinet was Ernest Bevin, and even he would not have been sensible if Mr. Churchill himself had not paid special attention to him during the war.

Mr. Smythe asked me to what political party I belonged; I told him that I was a member of the Labor Party. He said he was sorry to hear that. I ought to know that socialism killed individual initiative. In the end it was bound to kill democracy. He had read a very good article about that by a famous English economist in the *Reader's Digest*. He forgot the writer's name, but he had just wiped Socialists off the map. Showed that Socialists always end as tyrants. Attlee came first and then Stalin came afterward. It was a fine article. He wished he could remember the writer's name because I ought to read it.

I said that the author was Professor von Hayek and that the article was a summary of a book he wrote called the "Road to Serfdom." Mr. Smythe was a little puzzled. Von Hayek did not sound to him like an English name. I said that Professor von Hayek was an Austrian who had become a naturalized British subject. Mr. Smythe beamed. "There you are," he said, "shows that he was a man of sense. No use being an Austrian—a country without a future, and under the heels of Russian troops."

I suggested that there were British and American troops there as well. Mr. Smythe told me that this showed Socialists could not understand foreign affairs. The Americans and British were there to save Austria. You could not trust the Russians. Look at what the Un-American Activities Committee was finding out. Reds everywhere—even in the State Department.

He had a red last year in his own business. Of course, the fellow denied it. But he admitted that he read *The Nation* every week, and that he had voted three times for Roosevelt. Of course, Mr. Smythe had to fire him. The fellow argued that everyone had a right to his own convictions. " 'Not in this office,' I told him,"



London *Evening Standard*

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said Mr. Smythe, " 'When I hire a copy-writer his convictions belong to me.'

"The fellow had the insolence to tell me that my attitude was un-American—told that to me whose ancestors came over in 1672 to Virginia.

" 'Un-American!' I said to him," Mr. Smythe explained. " 'I'll match my pedigree for good, sound American ideas against you or anyone else,' I said. 'There are not many people in America who can say they have had solid Republican ideas for nearly three hundred years.' "

Here I ventured, a little timidly, to suggest that no American had held Republican ideas for three hundred years. For a moment Mr. Smythe was taken aback; then he gave a most attractive smile of relief. "Of course," he said, "I see what you mean. That's the worst of you Englishmen. You make your jokes with such a solemn face that no one knows for a moment that you are being funny at all. Just like your Mr. Bevan in the House of Commons. I met him there at tea, and he told me, without even a smile, that the *New Yorker* was the best weekly in America. When I expressed astonishment, he asked me if I had ever counted the number of advertising pages. Then, of course, I saw what he meant; at first I thought he was referring to the articles and other stuff the editors print. Of course, you know I didn't mean the Republican *Party*. But I guess that if the first Fairfax of Virginia had been alive today, he would have been a Republican, and maybe he would have been so like Grover Cleveland that we could have got him to run against Truman?"

I said he had a vivid imagination.

The train began to run into Bishop's Stortford station, and I took down my bag as I bade him farewell. "I've been pleased to meet you," Mr. Smythe was good enough to say, "and we certainly had a fine talk. Of course, I don't think much of your defense of your ideas, but I can see you are one of those idealistic fellows who lets your imagination run away with you. It gets you all mixed up. You read that man's article in the *Reader's Digest*. He had it all. He had the sense to become an Englishman. When he has published his next book, he'll become an American."

He was still waving genially to me as the train streamed on to Cambridge.

L'Affaire Kravchenko

BY MADELEINE JACOB

Paris, February 6

IF AMONG the people who press into the narrow courtroom there is one who believes that the Kravchenko case is a libel action, he should hold up his hand. I have been following the process hour after hour, and I can predict that not a hand will be raised. At any rate, not the hand of Kravchenko, to whom the judicial comedy is quite apparent.

Under the French law the press is ordinarily forbidden to report a libel trial, but in this particular case Justice has put at the disposal of the international press very unusual facilities for quick and widespread publication of the proceedings. She has gone so far as to instal a special telephone service at the door of the courtroom, from which the official information agency of the government, *France Presse,* every quarter hour sends around the world an analytical description of everything that takes place in the room. All this would be enough to convince anyone familiar with the French courts that the Kravchenko trial is nothing else than the confrontation, face to face, of two opposed political ideologies, in which Kravchenko and his book, "I Chose Freedom," are an evident pretext.

What is the role of Kravchenko, sitting on the bench of the *Chambre Correctionnelle?* Is he an ambassador or, more modestly, an anti-Soviet propaganda agent? The title is too large for him. The man is very cheap. Those of us who watch him—as he listens, becomes nervous, gets furious, throws himself, sometimes blindly, sometimes cautiously, into the argument, hammers the table with his fist, advances with his head lowered, as if in a boxing match against his adversary, *Les Lettres Françaises*—we could not say that he is lacking in intelligence. Quite the contrary. What he lacks is distinction and culture. Consequently he is also a very poor propaganda agent. He commits mistakes by exposing his hand at points where the game demands that he hide it. One example: the attorney for *Les Lettres Françaises* asks him to explain why he had not instituted libel suits against the American papers that attacked him and his book. He replies, "At that time I had not the means. Besides, the Communist Party in the United States is very small; it was not worth while. In France the Communist Party is important; it was worth while. In the interests of the whole world

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this party must be unmasked as the enemy of civilization." His opponent did not need to be very smart to toss back at him: "Ah, Kravchenko has been sent from the United States to put a French political party on trial. . . ." Kravchenko had made a mistake; he had forgotten that here there is supposedly only one issue—he, his book, and what had been said about his book by a French magazine.

You see he plays his cards badly. When he ought not to speak, he speaks. When he should find a quick reply, he is silent or elusive. He is not pleased when the attorney of *Les Lettres Françaises* asks him how he could obtain from the government of the United States the false papers that permitted him to travel under the name "Paul Kédrine." He says, "Why does my adversary's attorney play with marked cards?" This image haunts him. Freud perhaps could explain why it recurs so regularly in the frequent moments when Kravchenko, exasperated, loses control of himself.

One sees Kravchenko nervous, irritable, and one no longer recognizes the central figure of "I Chose Freedom," very sure of himself, very secretive, very superior, undergoing the questioning of the Politburo and the G. P. U.

The witnesses, whether on one side or the other, cannot take the place of the one witness everyone calls for and nobody sees—the Russian original of "I Chose Freedom." As to the displaced persons brought in by Kravchenko, they came from Germany, where they have lived since the Nazis, as a measure of "protection," took them along on their retreat from the Ukraine. No one will challenge their reports of life in the Soviet Union. Life there is hard, too hard for the understanding of Westerners accustomed for centuries to an easier existence. But we have the impression that we are witnessing a farce when we hear these Ukrainian peasants, who do not even speak Russian but only the dialect of their village, declare: "I have not read Mr. Kravchenko's book personally, but my children who are with us in Germany have been reading us the book from the English." Everyone smiles, since it is evident that these children are also little peasants, shoved from the Ukraine into Germany, where they work the land along with German peasants. One doubts that the knowledge of English these children possess would stand up under a severe examination! And it is a little hard to imagine these youngsters, in the evening under the lamp in the farmhouse, all concentrated on translating for their parents the book of Mr. Kravchenko.

Is the case brought by Kravchenko against *Les Lettres* a comedy? Or does it hide behind its grinning mask the tragic outlines of the clash of two opposing political concepts, brought to an unbearable impasse? A comedy or a pretext? Just a few minutes ago when I left the courtroom a big Parisian lawyer said to me: "There cannot be much libel in this *affaire* Kravchenko since nobody even mentions it."

But who wanted this trial? The reply to that question could only be given by the person who could genuinely say, "I Choose truth."

Jim Webb: Success Story

BY THOMAS SANCTON

Washington, February 12

THE spectacular rise of James Evans Webb, the affable North Carolinian who was recently appointed Under Secretary of State after having served less than three years in other posts in the Truman Administration, sheds a good deal of light on the present course of politics in the capital and at the same time makes Truman's own emergence as a triumphant and forceful political personality seem less miraculous and incredible. For Webb's recent career in government shows how a man's skill can increase and his outlook expand under the stimulus of great opportunity and great responsibility. This process seems to have been going on in many quarters, and it furnishes a valuable footnote and a few of the missing pages to the greatest mystery story of American political history—the November victory over Dewey and the formulation of the Fair Deal welfare program and fiscal policy.

James Webb is a stocky, clean-cut man of average height, with that element of blandness in his appearance which one somehow associates with campus leadership and extra-curricular honors. He is forty-two but looks considerably younger. In many respects his career has been like that of other genteel but impecunious young Southerners seeking fame and fortune in the North, such a career as Thomas Wolfe, who preceded him by some six or eight years at the University of North Carolina, has described in enduring outlines in a passage entitled "The Enfabled Rock"—Manhattan. Webb, however, is gifted far above the average, and beneath the traditional charm of manner there are rare qualities of self-control, forthrightness, and good-will. His ability to inspire loyalty and high morale in the men who work for him was perhaps learned from his mentor, the late Governor O. Max Gardner of North Carolina.

One of four children of a county superintendent of

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education with a statutory salary $1,800 to $2,700 a year, Webb worked his way through the university in the 1920's, kept books for a construction company, read a little law, joined the Marine Corps at the beginning of the depression, and eventually was commissioned as a naval aviator. In 1932 he left the service to become secretary to Representative Edward W. Pou of North Carolina, then chairman of the powerful House Rules Committee. When ex-Governor Gardner came to Washington a year or two later to practice law, Webb went to work in his firm, studying law at night at Georgetown University. In 1936 he became personnel director of the Sperry Gyroscope Company in Brooklyn; he was vice-president when he left in 1944 to go on active service as a major in charge of stateside training and administrative work in a Marine Corps Air Warning Group. In 1945 he returned to Gardner's firm in Washington.

Webb's appointment as director of the highly important Bureau of the Budget in July, 1946, was one of President Truman's most casual acts during his first Administration. According to a former associate of Webb's, "the President hadn't seen Jimmy Webb for eight minutes altogether in his lifetime." Truman forgot Webb's name when announcing the appointment to the press and had to fumble for a piece of paper on which it was written.

Later events throw some light on how such appointments came to be made. Truman was a man of relatively narrow experience, and because he had no other basis by which to judge men, he chose them out of personal friendship or as a political swap and payoff. Fortunately, even in this dismal period, Truman often played politics with first-rate men, as well as with the cronies, the mediocrities, and the adventurers who thronged the White House. Among the substantial figures in Washington was O. Max Gardner, a big, rough-hewn Southerner who in 1929-33 had given North Carolina one of the most enlightened administrations ever enjoyed by a Southern state. In March, 1946, Gardner, who died in 1947, had become Under Secretary of the Treasury, with Webb as his executive assistant. Several months later Fred Vinson, then Secretary of the Treasury, was moved up to the Supreme Court. The Secretaryship was promised to Gardner, but there was some mix-up in the commitment, and the President appointed John Snyder instead. Gardner, one of the best-liked figures in the Democratic Party, was greatly disappointed, but he took it well. Truman apologized profoundly and asked what he could do to make it up. Gardner replied that he wanted his young assistant, Webb, to have the budget directorship, which had just become open. Truman agreed, and that was how this important post went to a virtual stranger. Specialists in the bureau were outraged that the capable assistant director, Paul Appleby, had been passed over.

Jimmy Webb

For years, however, Webb had been consciously perfecting an intellectual trait which admirably fitted him for the complex task of drawing up an over-all budget for government departments. He describes this as "the generalist approach," as distinguished from the specialist's. It is an effort to see fiscal problems as a whole and to grasp accurately the relative importance of the component parts. He learned the special budget techniques quickly.

According to men familiar with his work in the Budget Bureau, Webb showed a talent approaching genius for digging out the fundamental economic factors in the myriad departments and activities of government and for transmitting these to the President in a hard, integrated form. President Truman, who had had limited experience in fiscal matters—he recalled recently that he paid off his last debts as a "busted merchant" of the 1921 crash only three years before becoming President—learned a great deal from daily conferences with Webb and the budget experts. Perhaps he also taught as he learned, for no one knew the over-all political problems better than he did. It was his mastery of the budget studies which equipped Truman to chop the Republican platform to pieces with the sharp edge of expert economic analysis and to explode the myth of Dewey's administrative omniscience.

WHEN Webb was named Under Secretary of State, most of the surviving New Dealers in Washington quietly cheered. He is not a New Dealer, never having been part of that embattled political movement under Roosevelt. He is less obviously a dedicated theorist and reformer than most New Dealers. But he has their belief in a dynamic, rational, and comprehensive approach to the problems of government.

"For this day and age Webb is probably the better type," one of the bright young men of the Roosevelt era said recently. "We New Dealers had a talent for making people mad. Webb is just the opposite. He has an extremely tough mind, combined with Southern charm, and his outstanding talent is the ability to make men swallow the bitter pill of disappointment and like it. That is one of the chief functions of the budget director, and nobody ever did it better."

In his present post Webb declines to discuss specific implications of foreign policy or the directions in which

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he might like to see it move. This, of course, is understandable: he has had the job only two weeks. It remains to be seen whether, combining as he does the talents of a brilliant careerist with a genuinely democratic outlook, he can flourish in the atmosphere of the State Department. Since his appointment was indorsed by General Marshall and Secretary Forrestal, it is obvious that he was not selected to engineer a basic change in our cold-war foreign policy. All policies, however, depend to a great extent on the personal qualities of the men who administer them. Webb's head-on encounters with the military when he was beating back their expansive claims for budget funds proved he had the civilian outlook and an able civilian's capacity for mastering military affairs. Beyond any doubt he represents a change from the Wall Street banker, Robert Lovett, whom he succeeded. It is also reassuring to reflect that one who helped Truman formulate the Fair Deal program now holds a high policy-making position in the State Department.

Webb says he not only supports Truman's civil-rights program but helped provide the information on which it was partly based. Quoting Governor Gardner's formula that "those who are obliged to obey the law must have a share in making the law," he says he believes Southern Negroes have the right to participate fully in politics. Asked if he felt that the Truman program was acceptable because it provides for equality of opportunity without necessarily leading to social equality, Webb said he had no basic objection to social equality between people of the two races who were interested in such association. His views on this matter—and they seem to be genuine—are far in advance of the lingering racial conservatism of former Secretary of State Byrnes, whose pleas for democratic elections in the Balkans were compromised by the Communist rejoinder: "Why not in South Carolina?"

Like all valued young assistants with rare natural gifts, Webb apparently inspires in older leaders the belief that he may be the man who will carry on their work. He has been more or less the "fair-haired boy" in all the jobs he has held from school days on. On leaving the Budget Bureau he planned to go to the University of North Carolina as dean of the business school, where he would be groomed to become Dr. Frank Graham's eventual successor as president of the university. Now that he has been drafted for one of the crucial posts in government, there is speculation in Washington that perhaps President Truman too is thinking of Jimmy Webb as a possible successor.

Brave New World in Czechoslovakia

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

I. The Czechs Are Impressed

Prague, February

ONE of the peculiarities of Western journalism is that in discussing the "new democracies" it is fairly lenient with Poland and very tough with Czechoslovakia. "To see Prague breaks your heart," wrote one distinguished traveler after a six-hour visit a few months ago. I think there are two reasons for this discrimination in favor of Poland. One is that Poland was never a democracy in the Western sense, and to see one type of dictatorship replace another is less distressing than to see the land of Masaryk and Benes ruled by the Communist Party. The other is the difference in the food. The visitor eats wonderfully well in Warsaw and pretty poorly in Prague—about the same as in London, perhaps a little worse. For almost everything you order you have to produce coupons. Lately—perhaps because the Czechs have become aware of the profound political importance that students of world affairs attach to their meals—in the two hotels where most of the distinguished foreigners stay, the Alcron and the Ambassador, the waiter ostentatiously places a large pat of butter before the customer while he studies the unimpressive menu. In reality, if one were to investigate the per capita consumption of food, one would find that in this as in other respects the Czech standard of living is still considerably higher than the Polish.

I have lived in Prague for three months now, and my heart is not broken. I admit that Czechoslovakia today has some extremely unpleasant aspects. Thousands of people—expropriated business men, lawyers, and other professional men—must now serve the state or starve, instead of being able to pursue independent careers. Many writers, newspapermen, and artists have either been "purged" or are destitute because their strong liberal convictions will not allow them to cooperate with the government. At least five thousand college students

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are being thrown out of the universities and technical colleges—large numbers not, as is officially stated, because they are "slackers" and "chronics" but because of their "doubtful" political past or their "unsuitable" mentality. Whether you like it or not, if you are a college student or a government official you have to study your Marx and Lenin and Stalin, and also such a "classic" of Czech communism as President Gottwald's own "Ten Years." Actual concentration camps do not exist, but "labor camps" have been or are about to be opened for alleged "industrial slackers," black-marketeers, and other "uncooperative elements."

EVERY day the papers report cases of soldiers or officers who have been sentenced by the courts to many years' imprisonment for having had contact with foreigners, usually with the American military authorities in Austria or Germany. How much "American espionage" there is in Czechoslovakia, I don't pretend to know, but "foreign contacts" are so emphasized in the numerous minor trials that Czechs who even two months ago freely mixed with British and American friends are much less eager to do so now. There is the rather shocking case of General Pika, former deputy chief of staff of the Czech army, who has been sentenced to death by hanging for having not only allegedly passed on information to the British in recent years but also received funds from the British in 1940 to "spy on Russia"—at a time when Russia had full-fledged diplomatic representation in Hitler's puppet state of Slovakia. Pika has appealed, and I would say his chances of not being hanged are fairly good. About 10,000 political prisoners are being held in jail—mostly people who tried to leave the country after the February revolution. Another 10,000 Czechs and Slovaks succeeded in escaping abroad, and they are a sharp thorn in the side of the Czech government.

Like all émigrés, these people probably exaggerate the importance of the resistance movement. There is almost no active, and indeed very little passive, opposition to the regime inside the country. Roughly speaking, about half the people of Czechoslovakia fully supported the February revolution; today the greater part of the other half are more or less adapting themselves to the new conditions. The foreign diplomats one meets shrug their shoulders—"hopeless people, the Czechs," "a race of Micawbers," "they were always, except for twenty years, under somebody's heel," "if they swallowed the Germans they can swallow their own Communists almost as easily." (The "almost" gives one a nice insight into the said diplomats' mentality.)

The Czechs have, I admit, a good deal of Micawberism in their make-up and a Schweik-like capacity to adapt themselves to almost anything. But to explain the present situation by reference to these qualities is to oversimplify things. The truth of the matter is—and the sooner the West faces it the better—that the new regime has impressed people, has stirred the imagination of the young and even of some of the middle-aged. People who personally have suffered discomforts are nevertheless *interested* in "Czechoslovakia's next page." Younger people of the middle or lower-middle class will often tell you: "Of course, it's hard on my parents—they will never get used to all this—but our generation realizes that we can't go on as they did." The small private shop is no longer the fetish it was; the children of shopkeepers feel they can do better things than look after a shop. Many shopkeepers have "nationalized themselves" voluntarily.

In Prague I have seen something I never saw in all the seven years I spent in Moscow—four people in a single tram car reading Lenin. It is easy to say, "Poor devils, they have to read all that dreary stuff, for their job may depend on whether they pass their Marxist-Leninist exams." On the question of Marxism-Leninism the government is in fact exceedingly tough: everybody, especially everybody in an even mildly responsible job, must know what the philosophic, ideological, and political foundations of the new Czechoslovakia are. Lenin-consciousness is being developed in every conceivable way. Five-hour discussions of Leninism twice a week are compulsory for all students and journalists; half the shop windows of Prague were decorated with pictures of Lenin on the anniversary of his death; postage stamps show pictures of Lenin and the two words "Lenin-Ceskoslovensko." But that is not the whole story. The studious and methodical Czechs take a certain personal pride in "mastering" Marxist doctrine; there is almost a snob-value in being able to show off one's understanding of it. With their higher standard of education the people are better equipped to read the stuff than the Russians are. In Moscow there is a chronic scarcity of books, but Marxist literature can always be bought in unlimited quantities. In Czechoslovakia now your Marx, Lenin, and Stalin are sold out. And the compulsory teaching of Marxism does not alone account for it.

Of course many Czechs don't like to have their reading prescribed for them. They don't like the limited choice of newspapers, all pro-government and all pro-Communist; they would prefer the free printed and verbal discussions in which they used to delight. The stories of Gottwald and Zapotocki knocking at the gates of heaven and the alleged malapropisms of Mrs. Gottwald are poor consolation for the incorrigible liberal. But the Czechs, with characteristic horse sense, have come to the conclusion that, barring a war, the regime has come to stay, and that now as in the past "it is better to live for Czechoslovakia than to die for Czechoslovakia." Besides, when they learn that 80,000 Prague schoolchildren are going to have a week's winter holiday in the mountains, free of charge, many willingly forget about General Pika and much else.

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Cotton in California

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles, February 9

MISS SUZANNE HOWELL of Bakersfield, California, was recently crowned "Maid of Cotton"—queen of the cotton world—at the annual get-together of the cotton growers at Memphis. The coronation of Suzanne symbolizes a development of national importance, namely, the shift of the center of gravity in cotton production from the deep South to the San Joaquin Valley of California.

The million or more acres planted to cotton in California in 1948 produced 950,000 bales of cotton which brought in $200,000,000; for the first time the cotton crop was worth more than any other of California's varied agricultural products. Cotton has been grown in the San Joaquin Valley on a small scale since 1876 but has been of great importance only for the last three years. In 1947 production was 50 per cent greater than in 1946, and in 1948 it was 50 per cent greater than in 1947. Kern County is today the biggest cotton-producing county in the nation, and California is crowding South Carolina for fifth place among cotton-producing states. It is worth while to look into the causes of this spectacular emergence of California among the principal cotton-producing states and to consider its social, economic, and political implications for the state and the nation.

In 1918 the Department of Agriculture sent young William B. Camp, born in a cotton patch in South Carolina in 1894, and just out of Clemson University, to the Shafter experiment station in California to develop if possible a new cotton seed for use in the irrigated valleys. After some years of experimentation the perfect variety was discovered, the Mexican acala, and from this general type a special variety known as Acala P-18 was evolved. Since cotton hybridizes readily, the growers decided that they must establish a one-variety, pure-seed policy for the entire state. In 1925 they were successful in inducing the legislature to pass a law making it unlawful to grow any other variety of cotton in California, and this law still remains in force. In other states a grower gets his seed from his ginned cotton, and since there is substandard seed in every crop, unevenness in production and crop deterioration are inevitable. In California a grower can obtain seed only from the California Planting Cotton Seed Distributors' Corporation; the gins refuse to gin seed for the growers from their crop. The uniformly excellent seed largely accounts for the phenomenally high yields in California of a bale and a half, two bales, and sometimes three bales an acre —twice or more the national average. A year or so ago the experiment station at Shafter developed a new strain, Acala 4-42, first introduced commercially in 1948, and it was this new strain which brought about the sensational increase in production last year.

Cotton grown from Acala 4-42 yields fibers from 20 to 25 per cent greater in tensile strength than the P-18 variety. It matures from ten days to two weeks earlier, and because the bolls are higher on the plant it can be harvested more efficiently by mechanical pickers. When processed, it produces an excellent long-staple, very strong, very white cotton. Its tensile strength creates such a demand for it in both the domestic and the foreign market that it commands a premium of $6.50 a bale. This remarkable new strain belongs to California alone and will be grown nowhere else.

Other factors contribute to the tremendous increase in cotton production in California. The boll weevil does not thrive in the dry valleys of the state, and a uniform growing season, with controlled irrigation, enables planters to predict production year after year with 90 per cent accuracy. In fact, the yield is so predictable that brokers will contract for the crop before the shoots are out of the ground. While production costs are high they are counterbalanced by the generally favorable conditions.

CALIFORNIA cotton has been given an enormous press not only in the state but in the whole country. It has been treated as another fabulous California success story, another "gold strike." But as one penetrates the fog of ballyhoo, one sees that increased cotton production is aggravating the tensions in California's agricultural economy and has already created serious social and economic problems.

For one thing, cotton has greatly strengthened the competitive position of the large farm. After the acala strain was developed, the Department of Agriculture asked the Kern County Farm Bureau to distribute the seed on a cooperative basis, but through some kind of murky intrigue distribution was taken over in 1936 by the California Planting Cotton Seed Distributors' Corporation, which is tightly controlled by a small group of large growers, all active leaders in the Associated Farmers. Ostensibly the corporation is a non-profit or-

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ganization—the Department of Agriculture has always taken the position that it is a true cooperative—but the fact remains that the raising of cotton for seed is an enormously profitable business. When small farmers have sought to cut in on this business, they have been told that pure-strain seed can be produced only in "isolated areas," where there is no danger from cross-pollination with inferior strains. Land cannot be used that was planted to any other cotton strain the year before or that is within half a mile of lands formerly planted to the P-18 variety. It so happens, of course, that these large "isolated areas" are controlled by some of the men who engineered the 1936 coup. When it came time to distribute the "4-42" seed in 1948, any number of small growers were told that the supply was as yet inadequate to meet the demand, although "by 1949 perhaps" there would be enough to go around. However, the large growers seem to have experienced no difficulty whatever in getting all the seed they wanted.

The recent expansion in cotton growing has largely taken place on virgin, sagebrush-covered lands on the west side of the San Joaquin Valley, for the most part, on lands owned by the Southern Pacific Railroad. Leased by large operators at a rental of one-eighth of the yield, these lands have been improved at a cost of $90 an acre plus $30 an acre for irrigation. Something like $150,000 must be spent to develop a typical 4,000-acre plantation, with the costs spread over a ten-year period, the average life of a $35,000 well. Cotton is an enormous consumer of water; in California it takes thirty inches of water in the growing season to make a crop. The west side of the valley is a potential drought section. Most of the wells have been drilled to a depth of 2,000 feet, and during the last three years of intensive cotton growing water tables have dropped as much as forty feet. As the water table drops, the amount of electric power required increases. Moreover, pumped water on the "west side" is full of boron, and while a certain amount can be tolerated, a high percentage of boron in irrigation waters will ruin land for many years. There are few small farms on the "west side," and even the large operators in the area do not own the land they farm. Hence there is a minimum of social responsibility—the responsibility of conserving water, protecting the land, developing healthy communities. No one gives a damn about anything except to make the most money in the shortest possible time. Conservationists already point to the "west side" as a future dust bowl.

Although California uses proportionately more mechanical cotton pickers than any other area, a tremendous amount of labor is employed to harvest the crop. At the peak of the 1948 season between 90,000 and 100,000 workers were in the fields. Because of local feeling, and for other reasons, the growers did not contract for Mexican nationals, but they recruited labor far and wide and brought in thousands of Negroes from Oklahoma, Texas, and Arkansas. It has been estimated that 30 per cent of the 1948 cotton pickers were Negro migrants. The California growers boast that their cotton-picking rates are the highest in the country, which is technically correct; but cotton picking is a miserable employment the world over, and when costs of travel, food and lodging, and other charges are taken into consideration, the California 1948 rate of $3 a hundred was scarcely a living wage. From every section of the valley came reports of filthy camps, racketeering contractors, gambling, prostitution, company stores, liquor concessions, and the rest. It is an old, old story, and nothing in it has changed except that the scale has been greatly magnified. Having tapped the well of Negro labor in the South, the California cotton growers will now make larger and larger demands on this source. They have started a new current of migration which will have great social importance.

COTTON growing in California is less a legitimate branch of agriculture than a highly profitable racket. Its basis is the government-supported price of 31 cents a pound. When there is a "surplus," the Secretary of Agriculture is authorized by 1937 legislation to step in and impose quotas. Last year the growers' fear that quotas would be imposed was behind the ballyhoo campaign about cotton being the mainstay of the economy. Fortunately for the growers, 1948 was an election year and Mr. Brannan is an astute politician. But there is every reason to believe that a surplus exists and that the California growers have been raising cotton, not for an expanding market, but for a lavishly improvident government.

The point to be noted here is that acreage is no longer a measure of potential cotton production. With the coming of the Triple A in 1934 growers began to concentrate on increasing yield per acre, since the acreage itself could not be expanded. By the use of more fertilizer, intensive cultivation, better pest control, and other methods the yield per acre was greatly increased. In 1948 some 23,000,000 acres were required to produce 15,169,000 bales of cotton, with an average yield for the nation of 313.5 pounds per acre, whereas in 1925, 45,968,000 acres produced only 16,105,000 bales, or 173.5 pounds per acre. At the same time increased mechanization, also stimulated by the Triple A, sharply reduced production costs—perhaps by as much as 10 cents a pound. The present government program wholly ignores these developments. The loan rate of 31 cents a pound might have been parity prior to these changes in methods of production, but it is now parity plus. Furthermore, it should be emphasized that the Triple A cotton program was designed to meet conditions in the South, not in California. For Southern growers it may have represented economic justice; for California growers it is largess.

To maintain the price of cotton at an artificially high

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level simply encourages the use of substitutes while stimulating cotton production; it also prevents American cotton from moving freely in international trade. Actually cotton consumption is declining in the United States, and the use of rayon is increasing. Even the poor crop of 1947 was more than adequate to meet both domestic and export requirements; in fact, there was a carry-over of 550,000 bales. As J. H. Carmical pointed out in the New York *Times* last August, "with the present support program for cotton encouraging production and discouraging consumption, the investment of the United States government in cotton will become increasingly greater unless the present program is altered considerably." But since California has now joined the cotton bloc, and Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma is again chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture, there is little likelihood that the program will be changed.

THE strategy of the California cotton growers is clear. Before the war 85 per cent of the California crop went to Japan, whose spinning mills are two-thirds intact. In February, 1948, a committee set up at the request of General MacArthur and headed by the president of the American Cotton Manufacturers' Association recommended that Congress create a fund of $150,000,000 with which to buy raw cotton for the Japanese textile industry, stipulating that 60 per cent of this cotton should be produced in the United States. The projected loan was reduced in March to $60,000,000, with three banks—including the Bank of America—participating in the financing with the Export-Import Bank. News of this fund, and of the appointment of E. D. White, a great friend of California cotton, as "cotton specialist" in the ECA, was greeted with wild jubilation by the California growers. The export angle is of especial importance to California cotton growers because of the long freight hauls to Eastern markets. It costs $3.75 to put a bale of California cotton on a transport for foreign shipment; sending a bale to Texas costs $8 and to New England $10. If the Japanese are currently buoyed up by this development, they should be forewarned that it is a purely temporary arrangement. Already the California growers are talking about "the missing link" in the cotton complex, namely, textile mills in the San Joaquin Valley.

In the long run Southern cotton will not be able to meet the competition of California cotton. The fabulous 4-42 does not do well in other areas; and besides, it would take a panzer division to force the California growers to give up their monopoly on the seed. The competitive advantage this bestows on California, plus the trend toward diversification in Southern agriculture, means that cotton will decline in importance in the South as it increases in importance in California. It also means that California is slated to inherit the deplorable social conditions incident to cotton production. Nearly complete mechanization of cotton harvesting, however, appears much nearer in California than elsewhere; so that it is possible to look forward to a time when the large pool of cheap labor will no longer be necessary.

In the Wind

THE WIND THIS WEEK is dedicated to various species of American *Uebermensch.*

"HERE FUTURE LEADS THE WAY for the caravan going onward, quite oblivious to the majestic figure of the Indian, who stands for an era to be replaced by the civilization of the more virile White race."—Caption under a panel of the mural that runs around the rotunda of the state capitol in Sacramento, California.

"YORK—YESTERDAY AND TODAY . . . a modern thriving city of about 75,000 people. . . . The water supply is one of intense civic pride. . . . York has twelve banks, seventy-four churches, and has a foreign population of less than 3 per cent."—A blurb on the back of a menu from the Yorktowne Hotel, York, Pennsylvania.

"LABOR CONDITIONS HERE are particularly advantageous to industry. The workers are largely native white and of Nordic ancestry."—From a throwaway entitled "Salient Industrial and Economic Features of Salt Lake City and Utah," written by R. H. Hart, industrial manager, Salt Lake City Chamber of Commerce.

"STATE REPRESENTATIVE JAMES B. RADETSKY . . . plans to introduce in the coming legislature a bill similar to New York's Sullivan concealed-weapons law. . . . Just who is this Radetsky, anyway? Aside from being a Representative, where does he stand in the American scheme of things?" —from a letter to the Denver *Post* by J. E. Burch, agent, A. T. and S. F. Railroad, Larkspur, Colorado.

LAST JULY Mr. and Mrs. Eliot Joshua Friedman of Marblehead, Massachusetts, petitioned Judge John V. Phelan of the Essex County Probate Court to allow them to change their name, and their daughter's, to Forbes. Mr. Friedman is president of the Boston Junior Chamber of Commerce and a director of the United States Chamber of Commerce. The petition was opposed by the Forbes family of Boston, including Allan Forbes, president of the State Street Trust Company; W. Cameron Forbes, former Governor General of the Philippines; F. Murray Forbes; F. Murray Forbes, Jr.; and Alexander Cochrane Forbes. The petition was denied, and the Old Boston Name preserved inviolate.

"THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH decided long ago how to handle the Negro problem, and for that reason there is, in fact, no race problem in the South—only a race situation. . . ." "It is the spirit of a man that makes him free; it is the spirit of a people that makes them great."—Two passages from a pamphlet by Thurman Sensing, director of research for the Southern States Industrial Council of Nashville, Tennessee.

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Del Vayo—How Firm Is the Western Majority?

IF ANYTHING useful is to be accomplished by a discussion of the present international situation, the first necessity is to know how the rest of the world really feels about American foreign policy. The many letters I have received commenting on my articles have convinced me that the truth either has not come out or has not been understood; and the implications of this seem to me very important, particularly since American journalism traditionally boasts of its singleminded interest in uncolored facts.

I want to consider here a specific point—the general belief that in the last Assembly of the United Nations at Paris the United States had behind it a safe majority every time it took a position opposed to that of the Soviet Union. An examination of that assumption should indicate both how far the United States can count on the support of other countries in its present attitude toward the Soviet Union and what may be expected to happen at the next meeting of the United Nations, opening at Lake Success on April 1, where the Atlantic Pact and other similar issues will be hotly discussed.

I shall devote this page, therefore, only to facts. What was the line-up at Paris?

On all questions that were not dangerously controversial —Korea, the admission of new members, the International Declaration of the Rights of Man, the functioning of the "Little Assembly," even Greece—the United States was easily able to muster the votes it needed to assure it an impressive majority over the half-dozen votes of the Eastern bloc. It also had a safe majority when Vishinsky made his proposal that as a first step toward peace the nations should reduce their present armaments by a third. But this series of victories for the Anglo-American bloc was interrupted the moment an issue came up on which the vote might mean peace or war—specifically the issue of Berlin.

Berlin was the most important question which the U. N. had to face at Paris, and when it arose, the internal discords in the so-called American majority made themselves felt. Let us review the facts. Immediately after the failure of the negotiations last summer between the generals in Berlin on the question of quadripartite control of the currency, the three Western governments decided, on the initiative of the United States, to bring the matter before the Security Council. They chose to base their appeal to the Council on Chapter VII of the Charter, which was designed to deal with threats to the peace, rather than on Chapter VI, which deals with the pacific settlement of disputes. The purpose of the American delegation was clear—to affirm the existence of a threat against the peace for which the Soviet Union was to blame and to subject the Soviet Union to the procedures described in Articles 41 and 42 of Chapter VII, which include the partial or complete interruption of trade and communications and, as a last resort, the breaking off of diplomatic relations.

The Security Council devoted six sessions to examining the Berlin problem, the sessions of October 3, 6, 15, 19, 22, and 23. I have before me as I write the official reports of all these meetings. After a long juridical debate the Council, over Vishinsky's protest, declared itself competent to deal with the Berlin issue by a vote of nine to two, the two dissenting votes being cast by the Soviet Union and the Ukraine. At the next meeting Vishinsky did not speak, nor did the "neutrals," those nations not directly concerned in the Berlin dispute. The delegates of the three Western powers continued their accusations. At the session of October 19 it became evident that there was no majority in the Council in favor of the action called for; so the Westerners refrained from pushing it to a vote.

It was around the six "neutrals" that the conflict over Berlin now revolved. The fact that some of them, like Belgium, Canada, and Australia, were important members of the American majority lent particular interest to their actions. A resolution drawn up by them was proposed in the Council on October 22. Instead of affirming the existence of a threat to the peace, this proposed resolution asked the four occupying powers—the United States, Russia, Great Britain, and France—to apply the necessary measures to obtain (1) the immediate abolition of all restrictions on communications, transport, and trade in Berlin; (2) an immediate meeting of the four military governors to fix the conditions under which the German mark of the Soviet zone would be put in circulation and used in the future as the sole legal currency. That the neutrals should place the Western powers and the U. S. S. R. on the same footing was deeply resented by the Americans.

While these things were going on in the Security Council, what was the feeling about Berlin in the Assembly, where the views of the United Nations find more democratic expression? An appeal addressed to the Big Four on November 13 by Dr. Evatt, Foreign Minister of Australia and President of the Assembly, and Trygve Lie, Secretary General of the U. N., embodied the dominant opinion, which had been ascertained by Dr. Evatt in advance. It asked the four powers to hold conversations immediately and to take all other necessary measures to settle the question of Berlin and to open the road to a speedy resumption of peace negotiations on Germany. This action was still more deeply resented by the American delegation, because it implied a return to the methods of Potsdam.

The lesson to be learned from all this is simple but of extraordinary importance. The "American majority" is a reality as long as the conflict between the Anglo-Americans and the Russians is over questions of a general character or questions which do not involve basic differences between West and East. The majority begins to disintegrate when the question is of such gravity that it might lead to a rupture and when the United States shows itself unwilling to explore all possible avenues to a rapprochement. A similar trend was perceptible, even though it did not express itself in official reactions, when Secretary of State Acheson rejected Stalin's recent proposals.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Great Experiment in Britain

SOCIALIST BRITAIN: ITS BACKGROUND, ITS PRESENT, AND AN ESTIMATE OF ITS FUTURE. By Francis Williams. The Viking Press. $3.

MANY Americans look upon Britain's experiment in social democracy as one of the most hopeful developments in the world today. This comprehensive progress report should add to their numbers. Its author, a well-known British labor journalist, writes authoritatively but not officially; prior to undertaking the task he resigned the position of Adviser on Public Relations to Prime Minister Attlee.

In a comparatively brief space Mr. Williams covers a lot of territory. He outlines the Labor government's heritage—a war-weary nation, external bankruptcy, a run-down industrial plant, world responsibilities too great for the country's resources. In a quick sketch of the background he tells something of the growth of the Labor Party, emphasizing that it now represents a complete cross-section of the population. The bulk of the book is taken up with an interpretative description of the domestic, commonwealth, and foreign policies pursued by the government. A final section touches on problems ahead, including the outstanding one of continued reconciliation of individual freedom with a collectivist economy.

Two of the most interesting chapters provide portraits of Prime Minister Attlee and his three leading colleagues—Ernest Bevin, Sir Stafford Cripps, and Herbert Morrison. That of Attlee is particularly successful in revealing the real personality of a man who, lacking all the arts of showmanship, is apt to be wrongly regarded as a colorless nonentity. He is, Williams insists, something more than a good Cabinet chairman; and to him is due the chief credit for the most momentous and courageous decision that has been made by the government—the granting of full independence to India.

But Mr. Attlee must also be debited with responsibility for the Labor government's most massive incubus. It was his original intention, Williams tells us, to make Bevin Chancellor of the Exchequer and Hugh Dalton Foreign Secretary; unhappily, after thinking it over, he asked them to switch offices. The author does not appear to share my view that this was one of the most unfortunate "second thoughts" in history. His candid but admiring account of Bevin will prove unconvincing to many readers. They will be prepared to believe "he is ruthless, sometimes brutal, vain, often vindictive," but they will ask for more evidence than this book provides "of a greatness of spirit that transcends all these defects."

A writer in *Newsweek*, not to my great surprise, found some parts of this book "slightly hair-raising." The modifying adverb is a tribute both to the sobriety of the Labor government and to the suave understatement of Williams's account of its achievements. Yet despite the absence of melodrama, Britain has been experiencing a genuine revolution during the past three and a half years.

Anyone who doubts that statement should read Chapter 8, in which the author describes the fiscal and other means used to secure a redistribution of wealth. As a result of "the government's egalitarian tax policy," Williams tells us calmly, "there are 25 per cent fewer people with net incomes [after taxes] above £1,000 [$4,000] than there were before the war, and very high incomes have practically disappeared." A new income pattern is emerging that will ultimately produce a range of from $1,000 to $1,200 (net) at the bottom to between $10,000 and $12,000 at the top. That is a prospect that may not merely raise the hair on many American heads but turn it white. Tories are apt to say that socialism may produce equality, but it is "the equality of misery." That is not true: what may seem "misery" to the upper classes represents an enormous improvement in living standards for many workers.

I have dwelt on this one item because it has received less publicity in this country than nationalization of industry, which is usually regarded as the most revolutionary of the Labor government's measures. Nevertheless, redistribution of income may prove a more certain guaranty of the survival of socialism. For while the voters may turn out the Labor government sometime, a great majority of them would certainly rebel if the Tories, by changing the present incidence of taxation or by reducing the social services, attempted to reinstate the old income pattern. On the other hand, it is difficult to imagine a functioning capitalist system that does not include a wide gulf between rich and poor.

The weakest chapters of the book are those that discuss international matters. There is some intelligent and objective thinking in Williams's analysis of Anglo-Russian relations, but on the whole he fails to get down to brass tacks on such important questions as Western Union, Greece, and Spain. Palestine is dismissed in a short and disingenuous paragraph which tells us:

> Britain had the problem of finding a solution to a situation which was in fact insoluble without a measure of agreement between Jews and Arabs, for which it was almost impossible to hope. However strong the British sympathy for Jewish rights and aspirations and for the stimulus given to the demand for a Jewish home in Palestine by Nazi persecution, she could neither in equity nor in view of the possible consequences on her relations with the whole Arab world neglect her obligations to the Palestian Arabs.

It is a great pity, I feel, that Williams could not manage to give more adequate coverage to foreign policies, for it is precisely in this field that the Labor government has been most criticized in the United States. Not all these criticisms have been fair, and some could be answered, but only by fuller and franker explanations than are provided here. Nevertheless, this volume will find a permanent place on the shelves I devote to British Labor, even though its use for reference is restricted by the unaccountable absence of an index.

KEITH HUTCHISON

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KEEP OUR EDUCATORS FREE!

Academic Freedom Safeguards Political Freedom

University professors are being fired for thinking.
PROTEST TODAY—add your name to this letter.

THE FACTS

March, 1947 –

Washington State Legislature establishes Canwell Committee to investigate un-American activities.

March-July, 1948 –

Canwell Committee undertakes investigation of alleged un-American activities at University of Washington. Teaching staff interviewed by Committee's paid investigators. Open hearings at Field Artillery Armory.

Sept., 1948 –

University Faculty Committee on Tenure and Academic Freedom serves complaints made by Dean Edward Lauer of College of Arts & Sciences against 6 faculty members.

Oct.-Dec., 1948 –

Trial of faculty members.

Jan. 22, 1949 –

President Raymond B. Allen announces:

1. Retention of 3 faculty members provided they sign under oath a statement that they are no longer members of Communist Party.

2. Dismissal of Prof. Joseph Butterworth and Prof. Herbert T. Phillips because they are members of the Communist Party.

3. Dismissal of Prof. Ralph Gundlach for "ambiguous relationship," "incompetence," and "neglect of duty."

BUREAU ON ACADEMIC FREEDOM
National Council of the Arts, Sciences & Professions
49 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Dr. Raymond B. Allen, President
University of Washington
Seattle, Wash.

The principle that every citizen has a right to his personal beliefs and associations and to voluntary participation in the affairs of the community is fundamental to the traditional American concepts of democracy and academic freedom.

The recent decision of the University of Washington to dismiss three faculty members on the basis of membership in the Communist Party, or on the premise of "guilt by association," is a shocking repudiation of this principle. If these dismissed professors are not reinstated, the result will be irreparable damage to all educational institutions and particularly to the University of Washington.

The University's action, if it is not swiftly reversed, will set a precedent for the dismissal of any instructor for any personal beliefs and associations.

As educators, deeply concerned for our own civil rights and those of our fellow citizens, and cognizant of the further implications of this action as a threat to our entire educational system, we urge the immediate reinstatement, with full rights of tenure, of the dismissed professors, Phillips, Butterworth and Gundlach.

Kurt Anderson	*David Haber*	*Philip Morrison*
L. B. Arguimbau	Willam Haller	Melber Phillips
Bart Bok	Fowler Harper	Irwin Panofsky
Robert Chambers	Nicholas Hobbs	W. C. H. Prentice
M. N. Chatterjee	Robert Iglehart	Walter Rautenstrauch
Gilbert David	Howard Mumford Jones	Milton Rokeach
John J. DeBoer	George R. Kernodle	S. Stansfeld Sargent
Barrows Dunham	Philip Klein	William R. Sears
Harl R. Douglass	Ellis R. Kolchin	Theodore Shedlovsky
W. E. B. DuBois	I. M. Kolthoff	P. A. Sorokin
L. C. Dunn	Oliver Larkin	Bernhard J. Stern
Henry Pratt Fairchild	Douglas H. Lawrence	Charles Trinkaus
Leon Festinger	Helen Merrell Lynd	Ralph H. Turner
Joseph F. Fletcher	F. L. Marcuse	J. Van der Free
Ralph B. Flower	Kirtley Mather	T. W. Van Metre
Christian Gauss	F. O. Matthiessen	Herbert Weisinger
Josephine Gleason	Otto Meyerhof	F. W. Weymouth

DR. CLYDE R. MILLER, Director
BUREAU ON ACADEMIC FREEDOM
National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions
49 West 44th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Please add my name to the above letter being sent to Pres. R. B. Allen.
☐ I am enclosing a contribution of $_____ to assist in the case.
☐ I am obtaining additional signatures which I will forward to you.

NAME_____

STREET_____ CITY & STATE_____

Profession_____ University or Organization_____

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Flight from the Suburbs

THE SKIN OF DREAMS. By Raymond Queneau. Translated from the French by H. J. Kaplan. New Directions. $1.50.

"THE SKIN OF DREAMS," published in France in 1935, is the first of Raymond Queneau's books to be translated into English. Happily, John Lehmann is issuing two other translations of his fiction. It is unfortunate that the present fine novella is so belated in its appearance here. In his concern with violence and disorder Queneau shares some of the central preoccupations of Céline and also of Miller, Hammett, and McCoy, all of whom have been admired in Paris. His carefully realistic accounts of the grotesque and the bizarre remind me of the rather special beauties of such prewar films as "Le Jour se lève" and "Quai des Brumes." The language has been influenced by the Joyce of "Ulysses," especially by the bronze-by-gold and catechism sections. Argot and inflated diction are regularly juxtaposed for comic effect. The cascades of puns are shamelessly funny. Words and phrases are repeated to heighten irony. (The translation of what must be a complex and difficult style reads so well that it is clear that H. J. Kaplan has done a magnificent job.) Yet "The Skin of Dreams" is wonderfully fresh, for Queneau writes to one simple end —the ironic and comic portrayal of a world bankrupt in actuality and in dream. This book has a unity and intensity not usually present in the English novella, but in the great tradition of the French *nouvelle*, of works so unlike it—for Queneau has here no concern with the passions—as "La Princesse de Clèves" and "Adolphe."

The English title is not so good an index to his purpose as the French original, "Loin de Rueil." Rueil, which might just as well be Glendale or Far Rockaway, is a suburb of Paris, and the scene of the opening and closing of a cycle, far, indeed, from the suburbs, although equally monotonous. Fleeing from mediocrity to mediocrity, Queneau's Jacques L'Aumone is the antitype of Stephen Dedalus and other sensitive and bourgeois young men whose anguish and progress are the subject of the *Bildungsroman* of the twentieth century. The son of a prosperous sock manufacturer, *his* sensitivity leads him to identification with the heroes of silent American westerns and to figuring himself variously as inventor, thief, engineer, champion prizefighter, pope, and dictator, to list a few of the centers of a permanently adolescent revery. His life is a series of flights from the suburbs. He leaves home for the race tracks and prize fights of Paris, and these, in turn, for a kind of domesticity from which he escapes into a third-rate troupe of actors and a grand passion which fizzles. Other ineffectual excursions follow. Sex, love, travel, renunciation, adventure—nothing works for him because, since he is the dreamer, the dream is regularly shoddy and vulgar. In the end, as a Hollywood star—a combination of Tom Mix, Wallace Reid, and Rudolph Valentino—the actor, James Charity, is not recognized by the home folks when his pictures are shown in Rueil. By this time, indeed, the dream is the whole life. The easy and shifting make-

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UNION GUY

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of the UAW-CIO

GRAHAM GREENE

Admirers of THE HEART OF THE MATTER, which made last season memorable, will welcome this collection of Greene's finest short stories, written over the last nineteen years. Here is his concern for the essential tragedy of man, his genius for suspense, his sympathetic treatment of his characters—both saints and sinners. Most of the stories have never before been published here; all reveal Greene's genius as craftsman and storyteller. $2.75

19 Stories

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believe of Hollywood is the predestined reality.

The focus shuttles back and forth—here again the book is the anti-type of, say, "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man"—from dream to reality, and from a futile doctrine of art for art's sake to brief and powerful sketches of the touts, pimps, and tarts who compose the fabric of L'Aumone's daily existence. His mentor, des Cigales—the pun here, as everywhere, is intentional—is a suburban poet, known in Rueil and even as far as Suresnes, but unknown in Paris proper. Dependent on drugs, ridiculously a cuckold, he is the perfect type of the suburban bohemian and aesthete. The beautiful heroine of James Charity's life in Hollywood is a B-girl picked up in South America, originally a slavey in Rueil. Even the parents are anti-types. They are not hostile to their son—the sock manufacturer once wrote an ode and he stands des Cigales to drinks—but merely unimaginative.

I detect no message here. What saves the reader from the nausea that carefully written parables in futility are likely to induce is the abundant humor, in part verbal, in part circumstantial, which makes impossible the meaningless anger, often likely to decline into semi-philosophical vaporizings, that marks the fiction of the hard-boiled American school. This is the fragmented, anarchic world (French version) of the tabloids, of incredible and unrelated items in the *Daily News*, which acquire meaning and relevance when seen ironically and as matter for comedy. In Queneau's hands it is a world never merely written *about*, never simply commented on—all the difference between good and bad fiction, between the artist's recapture of the experience in his own terms and mere talk about it.

ERNEST JONES

Negro Verse

THE POETRY OF THE NEGRO, 1746–1949. Edited by Langston Hughes and Arna Bontemps. Doubleday. $5.

THE first dated work in this definitive anthology is that of Jupiter Hammon, born in 1704, the latest that of Bettie Latimer, who will be twenty-two this year. All the Negro poets well-known in our time are represented: Cullen, Toomer, Hughes, Johnson, Braithwaite, Brooks; Jacques Roumains is presented in a section devoted to the poetry of the Caribbean, as are, for that matter, Claude MacKay and Walter Adolphe Roberts—some of the material here was originally written in French, or Spanish. Some of the poetry of Toussaint L'Ouverture is included. In addition to the work of Negro poets, nearly a hundred pages are taken up with tributary poems by non-Negroes, who range from Blake and Whitman through the New England Abolitionists to contemporaries as young as Rodman and Shapiro. All the authors are given brief biographical sketches.

In a collection of this scope there is bound to be more verse than poetry; it is a little depressing to find that over the years the Negro versifier has been as docile as his white contemporary in following along after the fashion of whatever was the popular manner in magazine verse. The book, however, has great value, for more reasons than one, and will reward careful study: to cite but two examples, the work of Helene Johnson and M. Carl Holman should be better known—will some enterprising publisher look to it that we may make their fuller acquaintance?

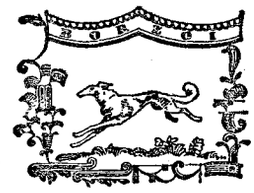
ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Loyalist New York

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER REBELS. By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50.

THAT night there were barricades on the streets. Angry mobs of workers, "the leather aprons," waving torches and clubs, hanged the Governor in effigy (he had fled for his life) and burned his coach in a great bonfire. Then they wrecked the beautiful Vauxhall estate, with its spacious mansion, and at two o'clock in the morning, "taking with them in triumph the colors of the Royal Regiment, they left behind a scene of desolation."

It is not revolutionary Paris that Dr. Wertenbaker is thus describing in the opening chapter of this exciting book, but colonial New York on the night of November 1, 1765, when the hated Stamp Act was to go into effect. Ten years before Lexington the Revolution was, as John Adams put it, "in the



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minds of the people." At any rate, if not large-scale revolution, organized and often violent resistance to Britain's ever-increasing restrictions upon colonial trade led to the first emergence of working-class America, headed in New York by leftist merchants such as Isaac Sears, "King Sears" as the Tories called him, John Lamb, and the one-time milk peddler and privateer Alexander McDougall, "the American Wilkes." Organized as Sons of Liberty, and later as Committees of Correspondence and other conspiratorial groups, composed mainly of workers, the various resistance movements in New York were often in violent warfare with the conservatives in the Assembly, headed by the wealthy De Lanceys, until finally Washington's "rabble in arms" were forced out of the little city by the British, and New York became what Dr. Wertenbaker calls "the Tory haven."

The main part of this eminently readable history deals with everyday life in Loyalist New York from the British occupation in 1776 to Evacuation Day, November 25, 1783.

Drawing on documentary material recently come to light, the author gives us a rounded story of the tense years of occupation; now New Yorkers need no longer know more about what went on in revolutionary New England than about the goings-on in their native city. We read of the growing disillusionment of the wealthy Tories, deprived of all civil liberties by the British officials upon whom they fawned at first, of the grafting of these same officials, of the brutal treatment of civilians and American prisoners alike, of black markets, and the bloody raids upon defenseless settlements in New Jersey and Westchester and Long Island conducted by guerrilla bands of New York Loyalists. Following the great fire of September 21, a week after the occupation, "a path of desolation a mile long had been driven through the heart of the city," and this first disaster seems symbolic of the recurrent distresses which plagued New York for the rest of the tragic seven years. In the long and bitter winters the poor, many of them living in huts around the ruins of Trinity Church, which was destroyed by the fire, perished miserably, while war-profiteering Tory merchants and owners of privateers held high revel with the elegant British officers waiting for the day when Washington and his generals would finally be dragged as prisoners through the streets of the town.

As "Der Tag" grew more and more remote, and the pleasure-loving, hesitant Sir William Howe, under whose martial law the city writhed, seemed helpless against Washington's Fabian tactics, the apprehensions of the Tories mounted. They complained bitterly about Howe's inaction, though few of them would take the field against the colonials; they bewailed the loss of their trade, though many of them were making a pretty penny out of the war; they were indignant about the corruption among the British quartermasters and supply officers, though the American Tories were ruthless in exploiting their own people. Finally we see them crowding into the British transports that were to take them forever from these shores, fully convinced that they had been "betrayed" by the imbecile king and his corrupt ministers, to whom they had paid such servile obeisance.

After World War I a school of revisionists, professional historians, and writers of historical romances made a great to-do about the sufferings of the Tories, and no doubt there were among the Loyalists certain sensitive souls who agonized over their decision to stick with England. On the whole, however, no one who reads Dr. Wertenbaker's latest in a long line of distinguished works on our colonial and revolutionary days can help concluding that the bulk of the Tories were money-mad sycophants who fully deserved the rough treatment they received whenever the patriot "rabble" got their hands on them. Dr. Wertenbaker is as objective as is possible for any lover of freedom to be in his treatment of the Tories, but the whole record of their regime in New York points up Jefferson's remark: "The sickly, weak, timid man fears the people and is a Tory by nature."

MC ALISTER COLEMAN

Again, an Anthology

THE GOLDEN LAND. An Anthology of Latin American Folklore. Selected, Edited, and Translated by Harriet de Onís. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

IT IS only six years since workers in the Good Neighbor policy persuaded the New Directions press to bring forth that anthology of Latin American poetry which, for all its faults, still remains the big display case to which students turn when they wish to sample the poetry of countries south of the Rio Grande. Other anthologies followed in its wake —Germán Arciniegas summoned a score of South Americans of various periods to tell what their country looked like; Stuart Grummon put together a Sarmiento anthology which provided a fine mirror for the work of that many-sided genius; the industry of Ricardo Palma in compiling Peruvian traditions was

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displayed in anthology. Now Harriet de Onís, who distinguished herself as translator for two of these grab-bags, brings forth her own anthology, and thereby provokes double discussion, first, of the reasons why anthology proves so popular a form in the field of Latin American literature and, second, of the effect of translation on the mosaic which is thus created.

Mrs. Onís says in her preface that her intent has been to show "how persistent the influence of Latin American folklore in its literature has been, how it has served as a source of inspiration, perhaps the most powerful, to its writers from their emergence on the literary scene more than four hundred years ago down to our own day." To this end she has collected folk tales as related by more than forty authors, translated them, and strung them together with short interpretative introductions of her own which give the book a superficial unity.

That her achievement is reminiscent of Arciniegas's "Green Continent" is not an accident. Mrs. Onís it was who put that brilliant predecessor of this volume into English, and no one is better fitted than she is to try her own hand at this type of mosaic-making. The reader's first inquiry is whether she has truly created a mosaic, as did Mr. Arciniegas, or whether she has, by a kind of tour de force, simply pulled together a group of disparate folk tales under a tent which provides merely a shelter. As one goes through the book it becomes clear that she has done both. The shelter under which these folk tales cluster is sympathetic and beguiling. The unifying element is that superstition and savagery which hold sway throughout the continent in the minds of Indian, African, and immigrant from Europe and from which these tales well up. It was Señor Arciniegas who gathered testimony as to what the southern continent looks like, or did look like at various stages in the past. It is Mrs. Onís who tells us how its people have faced the great spaces, the harsh climate, the untamed and powerful land, and what resources they have within themselves to strive against it and to comfort them when they fail.

This anthology, then, is a success, as were the earlier ones in the sense that they did what they were meant to do But why does the anthology form dominate this field? Is it because Latin American books are structurally rather weak and the excerpt therefore shows them off to better advantage than the translation of the entire work would do? Is it because Americans in this period are impatient with alien forms and foreign formulations? No one shows off the new writing of England, France, Italy, by taking bits of it and pasting them on pages. Why, then, do this to Latin America? Or is it simply another instance of the North American insistence that the continent is one, and the various countries mere accidents which are irritating or amusing according to one's point of view?

Whatever the reason, the fact is that the Latin American anthology is coming to be a recognized publishing form. Its translation may be put into various hands by a single editor, as was the famous poetry anthology, or may be done by a single individual who may or may not also act as editor. Either method has its excellences and its difficulties. If the diverse writings with their diverse styles are all strained through a single mind, artificial similarities are created which the thoughtful do well to discount in trying to reach through to the original. If, on the other hand, the writing of, say, twenty poets is put through the minds of twenty translators, the reader may get one or two brilliant renderings and pay for them with an uncertainty as to whether the brilliance is that of the alien poet or of the native poet-translator.

In either event, the secret hope is eternal in the minds of such conscientious and sympathetic translators as Mrs. Onís that these anthologies may stir readers to such an impatience with excerpt and translation alike that they will take the trouble to go to the original. Otherwise, the showcase of samples, charming as it is, would hardly be worth the enormous labor that goes into setting it up. Such books as these are introductions. They are meant to make friends who will then become well enough acquainted with the whole literature to do their own choosing.

MILDRED ADAMS

Books in Brief

THE UNKNOWN WARRIORS. By Guillain de Bénouville. Translated by Lawrence G. Blochman. Simon and Schuster. $3.50. A stirring account of the French resistance movement by one of its leaders. Primarily a personal narrative of continuous peril and adventure, but also a detailed picture of the birth, growth, organization, and methods of the French underground. Highly recommended both as exciting narrative and for its historical value.

THE FORTUNATE ISLANDS. By Walter Karig. Rinehart. $3.75. A description of the natives of Micronesia, the Pacific islands of which we are now trustee, set against a background of their history and environment. Interesting and up-to-the-minute information, obtained on the spot and presented in a style for which breezy would be an understatement. The photographs are profuse and alluring.

UNION NOW. By Clarence K. Streit. Postwar Edition. Harper. $3. Mr. Streit is still optimistic; still certain that the

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road to peace lies through a union of free states based on our own federal union rather than on a league of all states. To his original book he has added five chapters bringing up to date his argument for starting world government now with a nucleus of a few of the most experienced democracies.

FUNDAMENTALS OF PSYCHO-ANALYSIS. By Franz Alexander, M.D. Norton, $3.75. This latest contribution from the Chicago Institute of Psychoanalysis is a rather adequate summary of psychoanalytic theory, orthodox in tone—with some of the more recent modifications toward briefer therapy and ego psychology. Based on the author's introductory lectures, it is lucidly written, but offers little new material to the informed reader. To the uninformed, seeking some orientation in the field, without any brash popularization, this volume may serve as an authoritative beginning.

THE HOUSE OF NASI: THE DUKE OF NAXOS. By Cecil Roth. Jewish Publication Society. $3. A biography of Joseph Nasi, a rich Jewish merchant and banker of the sixteenth century who became a favorite of the Turkish Sultan, was made Duke of Naxos and chief adviser on foreign affairs, and implemented his dream of a Jewish state in Palestine to the extent of founding a colony at Tiberias. This second volume of the history of the House of Nasi—its predecessor dealt with Joseph's aunt, the formidable Doña Gracia—illuminates an interesting and little-known segment of history.

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FOR 250 years actors have been trying to make a good play out of Shakespeare's "Richard III." It is doubtful whether any of them ever really succeeded, but Richard Whorf and Philip Bourneuf are having another good try on the stage of the Booth.

The assumption has generally been that since the text is a long way from sacred it may be revised with complete freedom. Every schoolboy is supposed to know that those two famous Shakespearean quotations "Off with his head; so much for Buckingham" and "Conscience avaunt, Richard's himself again" were in actual fact written by Colley Cibber nearly a century after Shakespeare's death. But "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" is authentic—if youthful—Bard of Avon, and it is perhaps as hammy as the additions. That being the case, one may do pretty much as one likes, and what Mr. Whorf has liked is to make no additions but to make extensive cuts. The result is a fast-moving if somewhat confused pageant of villainy which is by turns tedious, exciting, and, now and again, genuinely moving.

The real trouble with the play as a play is, I think, that it is composed of three rather discordant elements. There is, to begin with, the child's history of England which Shakespeare prepared for the patriotic but simple-minded groundlings. It involves an intolerable deal of exposition, including a course in genealogy, all of which any modern director would throw away on the theory that present-day audiences are not interested. That, however, still leaves two plays. One is a blood-and-thunder melodrama; the other is a youthful first attempt to explore the meaning of villainy as a philosophy of life.

Richard, in other words, is a Mr. Punch on the one hand and an Iago or an Edmund on the other. The real problem is what to do about these two aspects. The traditional solution has been to put the melodrama first and to make Richard an almost comic picture of total depravity. But tthe other aspect is always still there. Shakespeare was enough of an Elizabethan to be fascinated by the idea that there may be no good nor ill except what thinking makes, and fascinated therefore by the character of a man who proclaims himself free from moral scruples. And in the last act of this early play Richard sums it up: "For conscience is a word that cowards use, devised at first to keep the strong in awe." That is first-rate Shakespeare as well as something which ought to be still interesting to anyone who has ever heard in our own time that religion is the opiate of the people. Perhaps no really satisfactory solution of the difficulties is possible. Mr. Whorf tries to keep the blood and thunder while at the same time taking Richard seriously as a philosophical, or rather a psychopathic, villain.

Since he first gave the performance to a G. I. audience he probably suggested some comparison between Richard and Goebbels. At any rate he makes the character sick and melancholy rather than robustious, and he is occasionally very fine, for example, in the "Not in a giving vein" scene. But sheer melodrama will keep intruding, and though the final battle scene is managed as well as I have ever seen it done, it just cannot be managed very well.

Frances Reid is a very good Ann who makes the wooing scene credible, and Polly Rowles is an attractive Queen Elizabeth. Philip Bourneuf, though usually an admirable performer, does not seem to get much conviction into the part of Buckingham. Like several of the other reviewers, I find it impossible not to mention the fact that Maxwell Anderson is continuing the same action at the other end of Shubert Alley, and as Mr. Chapman remarked in the *News,* it is a bit disillusioning to realize that the Henry VII who appears at the end of one play as the hope of the world is described by his son in the second as the crookedest scoundrel ever to sit on a throne.

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Lorca's "Blood Wedding"

The latest venture of New Stages is a production of on of the plays of the greatly gifted Spanish poet and playwright, Federico Garcia Lorca (he was killed by the fascists in 1936). "Blood Wedding" tells the simple, black-and-white story of a betrothal and a wedding in rural Spain which end in violence and death when the girl runs away, during the wedding feast, with her former sweetheart. It is in essence a folk tale—retold by an accomplished poet. A somewhat comparable American play is Lynn Riggs's "Green Grow the Lilacs," which Riggs said might be regarded as the dramatization of an old song.

In the nature of the case such a play is very difficult to translate—and the translation used by New Stages is not very satisfactory. The "straight" poetic passages are a little flat, and I was particularly jarred by the rather frequent rendering of rural Spanish idioms into urban American colloquialisms. I liked the dancing and the singing—of a lovely old bridal song—but the production as a whole struck me as pretty amateurish and awkward even for a "little theatre." And yet, in spite of all the obstacles, the vitality and richness of Lorca's talent do come through sufficiently to make the piece worth seeing. M. M.

Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

THOUGH it contained a high proportion of successful pictures—and these stronger than any before—Adolph Gottlieb's latest show, at Jacques Seligmann's, marked only a tentative advance on his part. He still adheres to the same compositional formula: the picture space divided into odd-sized rectangles, each filled with a single pictogram. In my opinion the virtues of Gottlieb's art deserve even more recognition than they have hitherto received; some of the statements he has made in the last two years are, for all their quietness, among the best painting produced by younger Americans. Yet it cannot be denied that there is a real repetitiousness in his design and a narrowness of effect, which is felt particularly in his color. Gottlieb still tends to use color somewhat academically, in terms of dark and light and varying degrees of saturation, in order to dissolve surfaces into depth. Though in several of the more successful canvases in this show—"Totemic Fission," "Ashes of Phoenix," "Hunter and Hunted"—the artist begins to use color more boldly and structurally and emphasize surface design more than before, he still is at his most finished, as in "Recurrent Apparition," when he retreats to his old method, which is that fundamentally of the tinted drawing. It is presumptuous to urge an artist on, and it is especially so when he is as talented as Gottlieb; but it is hard not to be impatient with a painter whose talent contains so much latent and unrealized force. I feel that Gottlieb should make the fact of his power much more obvious.

Jackson Pollock's show this year at Betty Parsons's continued his astounding progress. His confidence in his gift appears to be almost enough of itself to cancel out or suppress his limitations—which, especially in regard to color, are certainly there. One large picture, "Number One," which carries the idea of last year's brilliant "Cathedral" more than a few steps farther, quieted any doubts this reviewer may have felt—and he does not in all honesty remember having felt many—as to the justness of the superlatives with which he has praised Pollock's art in the past. I do not know of any other painting by an American that I could safely put next to this huge baroque scrawl in aluminum, black, white, madder, and blue. Beneath the apparent monotony of its surface composition it reveals a sumptuous variety of design and incident, and as a whole it is as well contained in its canvas as anything by a Quattrocento master. Pollock has had the tendency lately to exaggerate the verticality or horizontality, as the case might be, of his pictures, but this one avoids any connotation of a frieze or hanging scroll and presents an almost square surface that belongs very much to easel painting. There were no other things in the show—which manifested in general a greater openness of design than before—that came off quite as conclusively as "Number One," but the general quality that emerged from such pictures as the one with the black cut-out shapes—"Number Two"—that hung next to it, and from numbers "Six," "Seven," "Eleven," "Thirteen," "Eighteen," and especially "Nineteen," seemed more than enough to justify the claim that Pollock is one of the major painters of our time.

The strictly rectilinear art of Josef Albers, which was given a large-scale presentation in early February at the Egan and Janis galleries, provides an ever-recurring frustration. As that part of his work shown at Janis's made clear, he is a sensuous, even original colorist, but there seems to be no relation whatsoever between this and his composition, which adheres to the dogma of the straight line. Consequently his pictures are more successful when they do not go beyond black and white, and that section of the exhibition which was in-

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stalled at Egan's, confined exclusively to pictures in black, gray, and white, became much the more important one—though this may also have been because it included a good deal of Albers's earlier as well as recent work. At Janis's, the color, however interesting as pure chromatic effect, simply interfered with anything that may have been generated by the drawing. Alas, Albers must be accounted another victim of Bauhaus modernism, with its doctrinairism, its static, machine-made, and logical art, its inability to rise above merely decorative motifs. It is a shame, for an original gift is present in this case that is much superior to all that. One has to regret that Albers has so rarely allowed the warmth and true plastic feeling we see in his color to dissolve the ruled rectangles in which all these potential virtues are imprisoned.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

JEROME ROBBINS, who has produced brilliant comedy in the Mack Sennett ballet of "High Button Shoes" and the sleep-walking ballet of last year's "Look, Ma, I'm Dancing," seems to want to show he can deal with serious matters too. His latest demonstration is "The Guests," produced in January by the New York City Ballet Company, with music by Marc Blitzstein, who I suspect also provided the idea.

The scene is a vast ballroom, in which we see first the host whose wealth and social class are demonstrated by a brightly luminous little disc on his forehead. Several couples with similar discs on their foreheads enter: they are the guests whom he expects, and whom he welcomes grandly. Suddenly three other couples without the discs on their foreheads enter; the host and his guests stare at these uninvited strangers; then he inclines his head slightly in cold greeting and turns from them; and in the dancing that follows they are ignored and crowded aside by the invited guests. All this apparently to show the snobbery of the rich, who, if they were to barge uninvited into a social gathering of the poor in a railroad-flat parlor, would of course be warmly welcomed and made to feel at ease.

The rest is more of same. The host distributes masks to his invited guests, and one of the uninvited couples picks up and puts on a pair of masks that he has dropped — whereupon, with the foreheads covered, he cannot tell the poor from the rich among the masked couples. A masked boy and girl dance together; and when the masks are removed it turns out that the boy has a disc on his forehead but the girl has not. He is dragged away by his group, she is pushed over to hers; they break away to embrace and are brutally parted by the host; but in the end they hold fast.

Of the music to carry the dance-detail in which the ideas are worked out one can say that Blitzstein is never at a loss. As for that detail, it includes a pas de deux with some lovely movements, beautifully danced by Tallchief and Magallanes; but the invention for the large groups is uninteresting.

Another new work presented by the company was Tudor's "Time Table," which he did in 1941 for the South American tour of the American Ballet Caravan. Except for a dance by three marines that is like some of the three sailors' dancing in Robbins' "Fancy Free," it is the usual Tudor movements expressing the usual Tudor frustrations —in sum a maudlin tear-jerker that gives false meanings to some of Copland's "Music for the Theater."

As for "The Seasons," originally presented by Ballet Society, nothing in it—not the music of John Cage, nor the scenery and costumes of Noguchi, nor the choreography of Merce Cunningham—makes sense to me.

It was heart-warming to see that the performances attracted large audiences this time—the more so since they did not always have the precision that Balanchine's pieces require. The burden of rehearsal and performance seemed to have been too much for the young dancers, not all of whom have the stamina of Tallchief and Marie-Jeanne.

I should have spoken long ago of Haieff's score for Balanchine's "Divertimento"—not strikingly original, but engagingly resourceful in its use of what the composer has heard around. And of Hindemith's for "Four Temperaments," with its conventional harmony and lush sensuousness—all very agreeable to the ear, but astonishing to a mind that recalls the idiom and style of Hindemith's previous output, including even "Mathis der Maler."

Once in a while the magazine *Dance Index* publishes material that is interesting to the lay reader; and the present double issue offers a fine article on "Dance in Bali" by Colin McPhee, richly illustrated by exciting photographs. A number of superb photographs are among the 101 in Maurice Seymour's "Ballet" (Pellegrini and Cudahy, $10), together with almost as many that I consider poorly chosen—to say nothing of the extremely bad commentaries.

More for the specialist is "Chronicles of the American Dance," edited by Paul Magriel (Holt, $5), a collection of monographs originally published in *Dance Index* on subjects ranging from "John Durang—the First American Dancer" to "The Recent Theater of Martha Graham." And more for the dancer than for the spectator is Kay Ambrose's new "Ballet-Lover's Companion" (Knopf, $1.95), with its anything but lucid discussions of technical matters, and its illustrations that are not as delightful as the ones in her "Ballet-Lover's Pocket-Book."

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MILDRED ADAMS has made a special study of Spanish and Hispano-American literature.

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Letters to the Editors

Oh

Dear Sirs: It is a pity that Andrew Roth, writing from Shanghai in your issue of January 15, revives the myth of a park notice in Shanghai saying "No Dogs or Chinese Allowed." No regulation couched in such offensive terms was ever authorized or publicly exhibited in Shanghai. Separate regulations on the publicly exhibited park notice boards prescribed, among other things, that Chinese were not admitted, as they elsewhere prescribed that dogs were not admitted.

The denial of admission to Chinese in those days (later rescinded) was designed to recreate for the white man the ideal conditions of a park such as he enjoyed in his own homeland, which amenities, it was felt, would be lost if the parks suffered the crush of unrestricted Chinese use.

ERNEST T. NASH

Woodland, Cal., January 22

The Case of Larry Gara

Dear Sirs: On January 5 Larry Gara, an instructor at Bluffton College, a Mennonite institution in Ohio, was arrested by FBI agents and charged with aiding and abetting others to evade registration under the Selective Service Act or to evade service in the armed forces.

Gara, who is a Quaker, served two terms in federal prison during World War II for refusing to register or comply with the draft law. All who are familiar with the conscientious objectors of World War II have the utmost respect for his sincerity, courage, and ability.

The indictment returned against him by the grand jury in Toledo contains two counts. The first charges that "at various times between the twenty-fourth day of June, 1948, and the eighth day of October, 1948, the exact date or dates, or instances, being unknown to members of this grand jury, within the jurisdiction of this court, Larry Gara did knowingly counsel, aid, or abet other individuals, the names of which are unknown to this grand jury, to refuse or evade registration or service in the armed forces of the United States. . . ."

The second count charges that "on or about the eighth day of November, 1948, at Bluffton . . . Larry Gara knowingly counseled, aided, and abetted Charles Ray Rickert to refuse or evade registration." Rickert is an honor student and star football player who recently was given an eighteen months' sentence for r e f u s i n g to register. Neither the judge nor anyone else questioned his sincerity. Nearly the entire college traveled to Toledo to give him moral support at his trial.

Rickert and Gara had not even met until late September, when the latter joined the Bluffton faculty.

Long before this Rickert had made up his mind and was known to be a conscientious non-registrant in the town and college. Obviously, if Gara can be convicted for encouraging Rickert to act in accordance with his conscience, there is not only little freedom of utterance left in this country but no privacy for even a parent or pastor to grant such counsel. The reality of this danger is illustrated by the case of Dr. Wirt Warren, who is under a similar charge as Gara's in the Federal Court at Kansas City, the sole count against him being that he expressed himself on the subject of registration to *his stepson,* who as a matter of fact did register!

But Gara is waging a fight mainly in connection with the first count against him. He does not deny taking the non-registrant stand and urging others "inwardly prepared to do so" to act similarly. He does, however, p r o t e s t against having one or two relatively little-known individuals singled out for prosecution when many hundreds are untouched, although they have been much more open, persistent, and vigorous in advocating civil disobedience to conscription.

I am one of those persons, and I know that I speak also for many others when I say that I agree heartily with Gara on this point. I do not believe that anyone should be imprisoned for violating the conscription law under compulsion of conscience, or for advocating such civil disobedience, which, incidentally, is in a good American tradition. But if federal authorities feel it is a matter of duty, and perhaps even conscience, to imprison any such persons, then the authorities have no right to evade the real issue by administering the law in a discriminatory fashion.

Those who are interested in further information about the civil-disobedience movement should write to Peacemakers, 2013 Fifth Avenue, New York 35, N. Y. Those who are interested, whatever their own views may be, in helping in the defense of such persons as Larry Gara should write to Caleb Foote, Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, Room 300, 2006 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa. I would also like at this time to call the attention of your readers to a Conference on Non-Violent Action Against Conscription, War, and Dictatorship to be held in Chicago, April 1 to 3, under the auspices of Peacemakers. Attendance at the conference is not limited to those who are in some way connected with Peacemakers and does not involve joining it.

A. J. MUSTE

New York, January 28

A New Olivet

Dear Sirs: A large group of the faculty, students, and alumni of Olivet College, Olivet, Michigan, are seeking to transplant elsewhere the fruits of the significant educational experiment they have been making. For sixteen years real educators worked earnestly to build a small liberal-arts college with these virtues, among others: (1) teachers who loved and enjoyed young people, and who delighted in teaching at least as much as in subject matter; (2) the tutorial m e t h o d, with its intimate student-teacher partnership and its emphasis on student initiative; (3) building social awareness, plus a sense of social responsibility for meeting the issues of a troubled world, in a non-doctrinaire mold; (4) a progressivism which accepted change as inevitable and as a challenge; (5) a rounded personality able to endure and enjoy our times.

Largely unnoticed until the recent unceremonious and sweeping dismissals by a new retired-business-man president, this little college was steadily developing a priceless core of experience. All of this will be lost if the team of tutors is scattered.

They seek a new location for from 300 to 500 students, a new admin-

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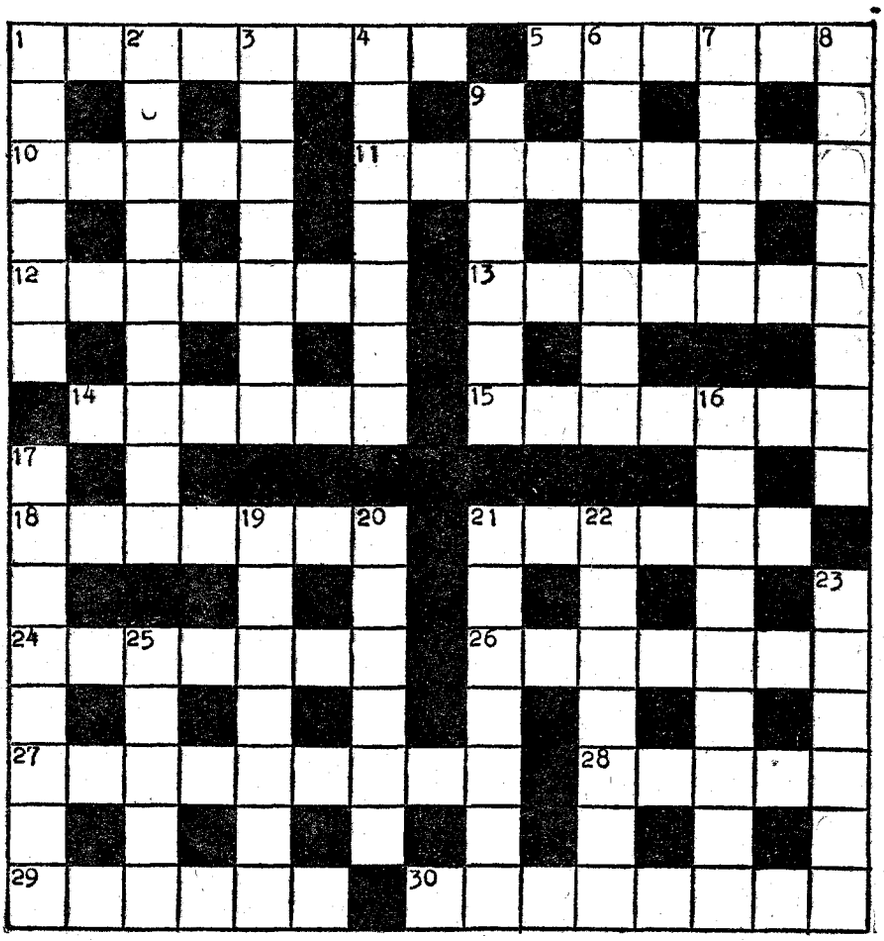
Crossword Puzzle No. 301

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 When one gets into certain trouble, he bails out. (8)
5 Trick tool. (6)
10 Commend a former charge? (5)
11 Note — descriptive of a frog. (9)
12 Corrupt. (7)
13 Sounds like it's time for tea! Brace up! (7)
14 Oley (Sylvia's writer) says something. (6)
15 Wander. (7)
18 Be round, but not vested. (7)
21 Swiss Chinatown? (6)
24 Such bushes are rather sticky! (7)
26 Colloquially train a snake. (7)
27 How Caesar smelled! (5, 4)
28 Butler, perhaps, but not the perfect one. (5)
29 Well-known to Hamlet. (6)
30 Detached. (8)

DOWN

1 Not pure in spirit. (6)
2 Not necessarily either the kind 11 is made of, or that the musical 7 appears on. (9)
3 The sovereign's wife is dried up and wrinkled. (7)
4 Is large, sort of, for a port. (7)
6 Pendant. (7)
7 Stick to Walker! (5)
8 Silk, seen in replica. (8)
9 Poems are usually so practiced. (6)
16 Not recommended for those who want to get tough. (9)
17 This operation was performed in June, 1944. (8)
19 The sort of plague that looks swell on people. (7)
20 This place is not up to one revolution. (6)
21 Trusts. (7)
22 Real steep up a mountain range! (7)
23 When chalk is on a blackboard, teeth are. (6)
25 Plate. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 300

ACROSS:—1 HEBRIDES; 5 BRIDAL; 10 AMNESIA; 11 HAGGARD; 12 UNEVEN; 14 COTERIES; 16 CEPHEUS; 17 GRITS; 18 ASTI; 20 STAMINA; 22 OSSA; 24 ITALY; 26 AGRIPPA; 29 SPLURGES; 30 SLEDGE; 32 PRIMATE; 33 WINDBAG; 34 DRYDEN; 35 STRANGLE.

DOWN:—1 HIATUS; 2 BONHEUR; 3 INSPECTS; 4 ERAS; 6 ROGUES; 7 DIARIES; 8 LADYSHIP; 9 CHLOE; 13 NEST EGG; 14 CHAMOIS; 15 TURNIPS; 19 GOSSIPED; 21 ATALANTA; 23 SALSIFY; 25 LADYBUG; 26 ARCADE; 27 REVEL; 28 BEAGLE; 31 SWAT.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York.

istration, a new board of trustees, and some funds. They are equipped to operate a full curriculum in the liberal arts, and can bring with them a substantial student body and alumni group to help carry on the educational tradition. In spite of the difficulties they are appealing for support in an earnest effort to carry on their project.

TUCKER P. SMITH, President,
Olivet College Teachers' Union
Olivet, Michigan, January 29

Mark Twain's Trustees

Dear Sirs: I was surprised to read in your issue of January 22 the following from Cyril Clemens of Webster Groves, Missouri: "I am editing the official collection of Mark Twain letters, and will be happy to hear from all who have Twain letters in their possession or know of their whereabouts."

The letter quoted above is false and misleading in that the official collection of the Mark Twain letters is at the Huntington Library in San Marino, California, and under the control of the co-trustees of the estate of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), namely, the Central Hanover Bank and Trust Company of New York, and myself.

Dixon Wecter has been appointed by the trustees as the literary editor of the Mark Twain papers, and he is now in the course of editing a book of Mark Twain letters, which will be published by Harper and Brothers; and Cyril Clemens has nothing to do with any of the above matters. Under the law no letters written by Mark Twain may be published without the consent of his daughter, Clara Clemens Samossoud.

The trustees would appreciate it if any persons having any Mark Twain letters would forward them to Dixon Wecter, care of the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino 15, California.

THOMAS G. CHAMBERLAIN
New York, January 26

Mark Twain's Kinsman

Dear Sirs: I am the only living kinsman of Mark Twain with the name Clemens. It was my grandfather who saved Twain's Hannibal home from the auction-block. My father, James Ross Clemens, was the cause of Mark's most celebrated saying—"The report of my death was greatly exaggerated." Mark was my father's house guest on his last visit to Missouri in 1902.

I have edited the *Mark Twain Quarterly* since 1936; I have headed the In-

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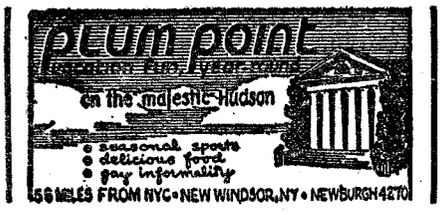
RESORTS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ternational Mark Twain Society since 1927. I have personally presented the Mark Twain Gold Medal to Winston Churchill, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Rudyard Kipling, John J. Pershing, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. I am universally considered the greatest living authority on Mark Twain. The late Stephen Leacock wrote of me, "Cyril Clemens knows more about Mark Twain than Sam Clemens himself."

I am editing the *only official* collection of Mark Twain letters, and every important journal throughout the world is being officially notified. The response has been most gratifying. These hundreds of fascinating Twain letters, edited by his kinsman, will be published by the society under the title, "New Letters of Mark Twain."

CYRIL CLEMENS

Webster Groves, Mo., February 5

Help for Anti-Fascists

Dear Sirs: The International Solidarity Committee, a volunteer organization, has been sending aid, CARE food packages, clothing, and medicine to democratic and labor centers overseas. Through our unique adoption program more than 4,600 French, Austrian, Spanish, and other fighters against fascism have received direct aid.

I want to share with your readers a special problem which the committee faces. We have received lists of 200 families inside Spain, the families of men recently arrested or executed by Franco. I cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of rushing help to these families. We need a special fund of $20,000 to take care of these special needs for the coming year.

Here is a simple, direct way in which all of us can help:

1. Adopt a family and send food and clothing directly. The committee will send you a name, address, and shipping instructions.

2. Or contribute for CARE food packages and medicine. The CARE package is now only $10. For $120 we can supplement a family's rations for one year.

I invite your readers to join me in sending aid to these brave men and women, our allies for peace and freedom. Let us send them a message of human brotherhood in their desolation. The address of the committee is 303 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. Contributions to the organization are tax-exempt.

HUBERT H. HUMPHREY

New York, February 4

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"WAY OF A FIGHTER"
by Claire Lee Chennault
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by Arthur M. Schlesinger
Reviewed by *Richard E. Hofstadter*

"HUMAN KNOWLEDGE"
by Bertrand Russell
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"JOAN MIRO"
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"THE HEAT OF THE DAY"
by Elizabeth Bowen
Reviewed by *Diana Trilling*

"LETTERS OF MARCEL PROUST"
Reviewed by *René Blanc-Roos*

"LIVING WITH CRISIS"
by Fritz Sternberg
Reviewed by *Allan Flanders*

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In the Same Issue

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A Discussion by *John L. Childs*
Professor of the Philosophy of Education at Teachers' College, Columbia University
and *Carey McWilliams*
The Nation's Staff Contributor on the West Coast

●

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